

FIFTY CENTS

FEBRUARY 12, 1973

TIME

INSIDE POP RECORDS



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**Colgate
with MFP...the
breath-freshening
cavity fighter.**

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

AS he interviewed dozens of sources in the pop-recording field, New York Correspondent James Willwerth was frequently asked about his journalistic background. "I had to admit," he says, "that I've spent most of my time covering organized crime, rebellions, riots and the war." His book about Viet Nam, *Eye in the Last Storm*, was recently published by Grossman. The usual reply, recalls Willwerth, was, "You've come to the right place. You'll feel at home."

Though the pop music wars are less dangerous than Willwerth's earlier assignments, they are a fierce struggle for the record companies. This week in our cover story we examine the \$3 billion-a-year recording industry and the battle tactics being used.

For six weeks, Willwerth visited record industry headquarters, meeting pop music's promoters and star performers. Record companies, he found, can be ruggedly zany. "All the ingredients of a carnival are there: clowns, hucksters, mystics and assorted crazies—all



JAMES WILLWERTH & ROCK ENTREPRENEUR LOU ADLER

sniping at each other with puppets in an atmosphere of distorted mirrors and colored lights. I loved them all."

In the old Charlie Chaplin studios in Hollywood, Willwerth found Lou Adler, whose Ode Records is one of the most successful small recording companies. Midway through the interview, Adler excused himself, then dashed downstairs to join a basketball game between two bands, Chicago v. Cheech and Chong. Traveling on to San Francisco, Willwerth talked to Rock Impresario Bill Graham about his difficulties in starting a new record company, then accompanied a local record promoter on a tour of Bay Area radio stations. In Nashville the following week, the correspondent sat in on a recording session by Folk Artist Eric Andersen.

Back in New York, Willwerth turned his files over to Contributing Editor Mark Goodman, who wrote the story, and to Reporter-Researcher Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov, who did some interviewing herself. Zadikov, a seven-year veteran of TIME's Music section, was reared on classical music, but finds her tastes broadening. "People are becoming more sophisticated and are looking for quality," she says. "If they find it in popular music, then that is where they will go, even if they are over 30."

Ralph P. Davidson

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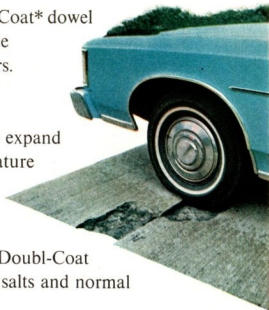
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LETTERS

Shocked, Titillated and Disgusted

Sir / Your cover story on *Last Tango* [Jan. 22] terrified me. A society that spends so much time thinking about, filming and writing about sex obviously does not have much else it considers important enough to occupy it.

We are now nearly ready for the takeover, from wherever it may come. We have not the mental vigor left to resist, and someone will walk off with the house while we are preoccupied in the bedroom.

THOMAS S. LOEBER
Coos Bay, Ore.

Sir / I recognize that you are not responsible for the fact that *Last Tango* was produced, and that as a modern, sophisticated and wide-ranging magazine you cannot ignore it. But you certainly are responsible for giving it such supremely prominent, sickeningly detailed coverage.

What image of life is this to present to our children and young people? True, they will not be allowed to see the film, but with your graphic reporting they will have no need to.

(MRS.) SUE M. MANGAN
Arlington, Va.

Sir / Has Time gone mad?

BLANCHE DEER
Bellerose, N.Y.

Sir / Since you have stooped to pimping for B-rated peep-show-type movies, this is my last tango with TIME.

JOHN F. SYTSMA
Medina, Ohio

Sir / I was shocked, titillated, disgusted, fascinated, delighted and angered just by reading your story on *Last Tango in Paris*. I can't wait to see the movie!

LEA AINSWORTH
Lubbock, Texas

Sir / Minutes after my TIME came, I threw it in the refuse can, whereupon the rest of the garbage got out and walked away.

FRED W. RAAB
Bayonne, N.J.

Sir / Those of us who are awaiting the reformation must be grateful to Marlon Brando and Director Bertolucci.

Only after respectable folk embrace the excesses of an era can a return to decency begin.

VIRGINIA FREAS
Richland, Mich.

Sir / Your taste and self-esteem as a publication are apparently as debased as are Mr. Bertolucci's and Mr. Brando's. And don't tell us we're not qualified to judge artistic film.

We're so sophisticated that we always know when we're about to throw up.

SHIRLEY AND BOWDEN ATHERTON
Galveston, Texas

Sir / Where have all the flowers gone?

They have wilted into a stinking pile of compost nurtured by irresponsibility, disrespect, laziness, greed and moral decay, exemplified by TIME's feature story on *Last Tango*.

EDWARD WALKER
N. Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir / I know there will be thousands of moviegoers standing in endless lines up to their hips in lascivious drool to see *Last Tango*, but please use the space in your magazine

for better fare than degenerate films.

Where will our younger generation find some older group to admire? Standing in line to watch *Last Tango*?

MRS. R. W. MACGREGOR
Syosset, N.Y.

Sir / Having heard previous accounts of Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris*, I had already resolved that its explicitness would be a bit too much to take.

Thanks to your well-written article, *Tango* and all its elements. Bertolucci will have my prize of admission.

VENTURA L. DIROCCO
New York City

Sir / It is interesting to note that the so-called intellectuals of this world usually find artistic merit and true brilliance where the dumb masses only recognize trash as trash.

JILL LEVENHAGEN
Wauwatosa, Wis.

Sir / My God! What kind of people must we be who are "amature, capable of grasping the idea underneath this movie"?

Underneath is an apt word for a sick, degenerate society that must turn to a film such as this to rationalize and project its philosophic values.

(MRS.) HANNAH J. SMITH
Cincinnati

Sir / For the sake of brevity, couldn't you have just put the description of *Last Tango* under *PROFANE*, and said, "Marlon Brando is making a real dirty movie with Maria Schneider, and it is called *Last Tango in Paris*. It's a real must if you like that sort of thing."

MRS. FRANCIS X. MCGRATH
Potomac, Md.

Sir / I am listening to a local radio station and am astounded by a barrage of phone calls to the station condemning your cover story on *Last Tango in Paris*. While I realize that tastes vary, and thank heavens for that, I am continually appalled by America's attitudes toward sex and violence. A harmless newsmagazine article like yours is regarded as filthy, sinful and unfit for viewing by "decent" women and children. And yet children are packed off to Saturday matinees featuring war and/or gore films. Please, please tell me where society's values became confused. When did violence cease to shock and sex lose its beauty? I really don't understand. Something is terribly wrong.

ALICIA CRAWFORD
St. Louis

Congress is Outdated

Sir / TIME's cover story on the crisis in Congress [Jan. 15] is fascinating, but it unfortunately never quite comes out with what needs to be said: our Constitution, now all most two centuries old, prescribes a Government that no longer functions.

The separation of Executive and Legislative branches was designed to distribute and limit power, to prevent its concentration. However, the division also guarantees competition and conflict, which frequently expand to the point where they immobilize the system. The checks and balances make it possible to shift responsibility and avoid accountability, but they no longer effectively restrain power. The system is artificial and arbitrary.

We must have a new constitutional sys-

tem, a parliamentary system on the British model, one that enforces cooperation, limits its competition and provides better mechanisms for ensuring openness and, very important, accountability.

CHRISTINE HOY
El Sobrante, Calif.

Sir / If Nixon is in fact ignoring the Congress, I say "Yea!"

Our distinguished Congressmen might learn what it is like to be ignored. They have been doing the same thing to their constituents for years.

HELEN PETERS
St. Clair Shores, Mich.

Sir / You should have had the late baseball star and Puerto Rican hero Roberto Clemente on your cover.

He is surely more relevant to your readers than those slothful, self-indulgent Congressmen.

KAREN P. KRALL
Morgantown, W. Va.

Bonus Arrests

Sir / Re "The Right Not to Fly" [Jan. 15]: I applaud Judge Ferguson's decision that bonus arrests for possession of narcotics or other contraband unrelated to the reason for a skyjack search are unconstitutional. The only possible justification for mass skyjack searches is to look for weapons, in order to protect the passengers and airline property from the dangers inherent in aircraft piracy.

The decision to limit the scope of these searches is correct.

WILLIAM J. O. HOLMES
San Francisco

Sir / Laymen should have the right to expect two things of the law: justice and logic. Judge Ferguson's decision in the Meulener

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Armco got in on the ground floor.

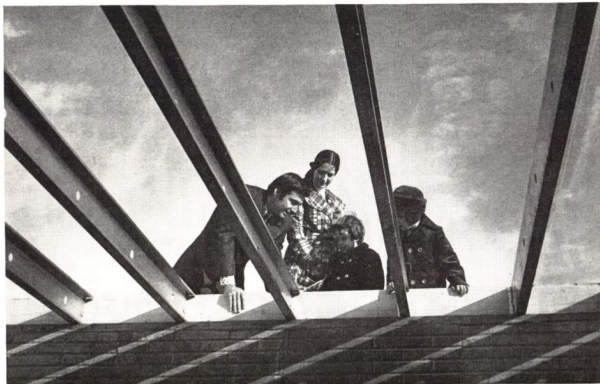
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LETTERS

case is plainly unjust and illogical. If it is legally correct, then there is something wrong with the law. Ours may be the first society to founder on an overdose of freedom.

DON JOHNSON
Morris, Ill.

Inherited Addiction

Sir / Thank you for your article "The Youngest Addicts" [Jan. 22]. As the mother of a normal, healthy baby, I'll probably never understand girls who can pass on an addiction to their babies. I think the picture, indescribably moving, should hang everywhere, so that girls can see what may happen to the tiny human being they might bring into this world.

(MRS.) SALLY SANDLER
Malden, Mass.

Within the Order

Sir / We were understandably shocked to see TIME's misleading and disparaging reference to Alcoa in the Phase III article [Jan. 29]. TIME's linking of comment on the enforcement aspects of Phase III controls with the assertion that "Alcoa decided to risk raising its prices" implies that we took calculated advantage of the new, less stringent regulations.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Alcoa's news release, which TIME received, specifically stated that the price changes were well within the order issued to Alcoa by the Price Commission under Phase II on Dec. 15, 1971. As a matter of fact, even with the recent increase, Alcoa's aggregate price level is still significantly below the base prices established under Phase I, much less the increase above that base granted to Alcoa in 1971 under Phase II.

JOHN D. HARPER
Chairman of the Board
Aluminum Company of America
Pittsburgh

Generosity

Sir / You report *Variety's* report of the gross of *Ben-Hur* at \$40,750,000 [Jan. 15]. My participant statement from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc., dated July 29, 1972, reports a gross of \$78,821,678, almost double your figure.

Since both TIME and *Variety* are regarded as Holy Writ, I can only conclude that MGM is padding my statement in order to be generous and pay me more than I'm entitled to receive.

WILLIAM WYLER
Beverly Hills, Calif.

**Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building,
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AMERICAN NOTES

An Embarrassment of Riches

One tongue-in-cheek explanation offered last fall for the bugging of the Democratic Party's Watergate headquarters was that the Committee for the Re-Election of the President had so much money that it had to dream up harebrained schemes to spend it. New evidence suggests that the thought was not altogether absurd. Nixon's finance committee reported last week that it had finished the campaign with an unprecedented \$3.5 million surplus. Apparently, nobody could figure out how to use up the \$50 million that had been collected. The question now becomes: How much imagination will the Republicans show in disposing of their surplus? In the interest of fair play, they might consider giving it to the Democrats to help them overcome a national party debt of \$4.3 million. Well, it was just a thought. They also might dole out the money as a solatium to all those Republican Congressmen who lost in the last election—some, no doubt, because the Nixon juggernaut had gathered up almost all the Republican funds in their areas. Best yet, they could take part of the \$3.5 million to study ways of improving the financing of U.S. elections.

Prophet Honored (Sort Of)

"Thank you, thank you," said John Stewart Service, 63, as he received an ovation from 300 fellow diplomats at a luncheon of the American Foreign Service Association. The ceremony, honoring a number of old China hands, was a little like one of those "rehabilitations" that mysteriously occur when policies change behind the Iron Curtain, for Service had been dismissed from the State Department in 1951 because of "reasonable doubt" as to his loyalty. Among other things, he was guilty of predicting that the Communists would defeat Chiang's Nationalists. Service went to court and won reinstatement in 1957 but never again served in an important post (the now works at Berkeley's Center for Chinese Studies).

Historian Barbara Tuchman offered the appropriate judgment: "Could anyone, remembering past attitudes, look at that picture of President Nixon and Chairman Mao in twin armchairs, with slightly queasy smiles bravely worn to conceal their mutual discomfort, and not feel a stunned sense that truth is indeed weirder than fiction?" The title of her address: "Why Policymakers Do

Not Listen." Both Secretary of State William Rogers and Presidential Assistant Henry Kissinger, who might well have agreed with Mrs. Tuchman's observation, were too busy to attend.

The Tired Embezzler

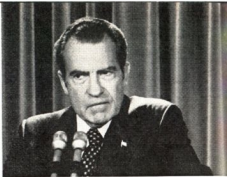
Lamar B. Hill, 49, onetime president of the First National Bank of Cartersville, Ga., is perhaps the nation's all-time champion embezzler. Over the course of 21 years, he stole \$4,611,473.35. Since he was sentenced last week to only ten years, and will be eligible for parole in about three years, he does not feel too bad about his fate—indeed, he feels almost philosophical.

"I should have got caught a long time ago," said Hill. The reason he was not, he said, was that auditors never kept close check on him. "They come in the afternoon and stand around for 30 minutes. You give me 30 minutes and I can hide anything so that you'll never find it." The only reason he was ever caught at all, he says, was that he got tired. "Wouldn't you get tired after 21 years? I had too many figures in my head."

Aside from a few good works and a few bad investments, Hill has no idea where the money went. "I just don't know. I've sat down and tried to figure it out too. That's a hell of a lot of money." Indeed it is. Not only does the bank want its \$4.7 million back, but the Internal Revenue Service claims \$3.6 million as a tax on Hill's embezzlements. Hill is not downcast. Ever since last May, he has been supporting himself by operating a loan company.

Sing for a Cease-Fire

Whatever happens in Viet Nam, the pop-record business is ready for it. Once there were songs in praise of the Green Berets and Lieut. Calley. Last week appeared a number called *The Battle Is Over* ("The battle is over! We've laid down our guns. / And now we must linger / To see what we've done..."). Written by Jim Siegling and Frank Lara-bee, the ditty was recorded by John Wagner, previously best known for a country and western tune called *Little Bit Late*. "To me this song really captures the mood of the country," said Wagner. "It's a sad song, but it has a churchy feeling, a mood of hope, and I think one hearing of it will convince anybody we're not trying to make money off the peace agreement." He said he first released the recording in 1968. Only then, the first two lines read: "The battle is over / The victory is won."



Nixon Reappears on the Scene

AFTER the long weeks of self-imposed silence and isolation that ended with his second Inaugural, President Nixon re-emerged on the Washington scene last week with all the fervor of a missionary among the unbelieving. He delivered to Congress a \$268 billion budget with more than 100 cuts in federal spending, and then an economic report promising that 1973 would be a "great year." He announced that he was sending his versatile adviser, Henry Kissinger, first to Hanoi for three days in February, and then to Peking for further talks on improving relations between the U.S. and China. He held his first press conference in four months and denounced his old tormentors as "the so-called better people." He joined in public prayer with Billy Graham at the Washington Hilton, greeted British Prime Minister Edward Heath on the White House lawn and presided over a mass swearing-in of his Cabinet.

In the week, the President unburdened himself of a wide range of opinions, culminating in his State of the Union message. The Nixon philosophy was enunciated in detail and embroidered with rhetoric. Nixon sounded aggressive, self-assured, uncompromising.

Gags. In his meeting with congressional leaders, he promised frequent consultations, but when he met the press, he was critical of the legislature. Congress, he said, had not been "responsible on money." What really aroused his ire, though, was a question on whether recent calls for a healing of the nation's wounds might lead to an amnesty for draft resisters. Nixon glowered, gripped both sides of the lectern and hunched low over the microphone. "Well," he said, "it takes two to heal wounds, and I must say that when I see the most vigorous criticism or, shall we say, the least pleasure out of the peace agreement comes from those who were the most outspoken advocates of peace at any price, it makes one wonder whether some want the wounds healed." So there would be no amnesty. Those who fled the war might have made a mistake, but "it is a rule of life, we all have to pay for our mistakes." He added: "Those who served paid their price. Those who deserted must pay their price, and the price is not a junket in the Peace Corps or something like that."

Thus he dismissed the notion that draft evaders might pay their debt to society by performing some useful service. In fact, he implied that working in the Peace Corps is not especially useful at all. The Administration, he went on, had done the best it could "against very great obstacles. We finally achieved a peace with honor. I know it gags some of you to write that phrase, but it is true

—and most Americans realize it is true."

Nixon complained about the "so-called better people in the media and the intellectual circles" and the U.S. Senate who gave little support to the troops in Viet Nam. In contrast with them, he said, the majority of Americans had supported the Administration "despite the fact that they were hammered night after night, day after day, with the fact that this was an immoral war, that Americans should not be there, that they should not serve their country, that morally what they should do was desert their country."

Sin. It was a strange Nixonian equation—suggesting that to criticize the war was practically the same as preaching desertion. In effect, Nixon seemed to be saying that the national healing process must be begun not by him but by his critics. As the nation's leader, the President might be expected to take the initiative. On the other hand, why shouldn't his antagonists give it a try and see how he responds? Nixon is justified in his feeling that his critics have given him all too little credit for doing, finally, what they wanted: achieving a settlement of the war.

Sometimes the President's aggressiveness seemed to soften. At the National Prayer Breakfast, flanked by Congressmen and Cabinet members, ministers and ambassadors, he listened to Senator Mark Hatfield denounce the war as a "sin," but he made no reply. He acknowledged that American society was indeed divided, but he saw no immediate possibility of ending the divisions. "We pass laws, laws providing and guaranteeing rights to equal opportunity, but there is no law that can legislate compassion; there is no law that can legislate understanding; there is no law that can legislate an end to prejudice. That only comes by changing the man and changing the woman."

Lonely. The President finally broke his silence on why he had decided to renew the bombing of North Viet Nam in December. Appearing on an hour-long television interview,* Henry Kissinger explained Nixon's reasoning. "It was perhaps the most painful, the most difficult, and certainly the most lonely decision that the President has had to make since he has been in office," said Kissinger. Negotiations were going nowhere, and the North Vietnamese were continually raising objections that prolonged the talks. "The more difficult Hanoi was, the more rigid Saigon grew, and we could see a prospect where we

would be caught between the two contending parties."

Once the decision to bomb was made, why did the President offer no public explanation? If he had tried to give the reasons for the breakdown of the talks, said Kissinger, he would have violated the "confidentiality" that had been agreed on. If he had revealed his conditions for ending the bombing, he would have put Communist prestige at stake. "Therefore the President decided that if this action succeeded, then the results would speak for themselves in terms of a settlement."

Nixon's State of the Union message climaxed a week of public reflections. Hand-delivered to Congress, it was brief and to the point: an overview, as he called it, of the present condition of the American people. More detailed reports would follow in the weeks ahead. A single speech was not sufficient, he said, with "our very philosophy about the relationship between the individual and the state at a historic crossroad."

Fuzzy. The President made evident the route he intended to follow. "If we were to continue to expand the Federal Government at the rate of the past several decades, it would soon consume us entirely." Heavy taxation and big government are no cure. Ill-conceived federal programs have "deceived our people because many of the intended beneficiaries received far less than was promised, thus undermining public faith in the effectiveness of government as a whole." The answer to domestic problems is "less waste, more results and greater freedom for the individual American to earn a rightful place in his own community." On that, he said, "the time has come for us to draw the line." His own policies, he continued, would "represent a pragmatic dedication to social compassion and national excellence, in place of the combination of good intentions and fuzzy follow-through which too often in the past was thought sufficient."

The sentiments were impeccable, and some of the phrasing challenged the imagination—such as linking compassion with pragmatism. Whether Nixon can turn that combination into reality is the key question about his budget.

Nixon ended on a note of reconciliation. Attaining his vision of the good society requires "a shared commitment on the part of all branches of the Government, [and] as President, I recognize that I cannot do this job alone. The Congress must help, and I pledge to do my part to achieve a constructive working relationship with the Congress." A generous statement, but few believe it will characterize the era of fierce domestic controversy that appears about to begin.

*The newsmen picked to ask the questions was Marvin Kalb, who regularly covers Kissinger for CBS-TV. Kalb and his brother Bernard are writing a book on Kissinger, due to be published next fall.

Passing the Equinox

In the hall outside the President's office they hung up those beautiful 15-by-18 color prints of his second Inauguration. There was Nixon with a huge smile, in tux, enfolding his glowing family as they all got

ready to celebrate. Here he was riding down "the Avenue," leading his triumphal parade to the White House. There was Pat on the Inaugural stand, hugging Mamie, and here was Nixon sitting in a quiet corner of the White House, tooling his Inaugural Address. They hung where Nixon could see them every morning when he strode over from the mansion to go to work.

Everything about Nixon's new term is still fresh. They have not even finished knocking down the Inaugural stands and putting that used lumber "on which the President has trod" up for sale at the usual exorbitant prices. But despite all that sense of new beginning, there is something else that one feels in this city. It is a little like some of the ground mist that drifts up from Foggy Bottom on these rainy mornings. It seeps into your very bones, and you are not quite sure how to define it, but you are sure it is there.

The fact: Richard Nixon has become a lame duck. He has passed the equinox. He has less time to serve in the White House now than he already has served. His time is beginning to run out.

He still has the power. There are worlds yet to conquer. He will dominate our lives right up to the end. But there has been a subtle change. The political carnivores of Washington have gotten the message that his power is finite.

It happens to all Presidents. But it has happened to Nixon sooner than to others. Perhaps it is another reflection of his thin national popularity, which still haunts his stewardship. It also is an accumulation of singular circumstances. There is Watergate. The people involved, including the White House, simply will not tell the truth because it is too embarrassing.

There is the peculiar end of the Viet Nam War. Nixon, with justification, thought it would come with some shouts of joy and relief, some ringing declarations of "Hail to the Chief." Not so. That strange struggle has so upset rationality that there was almost more carping during the signing of the cease-fire than before. It is unfair to Nixon.

They were having a briefing in the White House and Ron Ziegler, the czar of non-information, was giving out no answers to a whole range of bitchy questions about the budget, peace and bugging, when Peter Lisagor of the Chicago *Daily News* glanced out the White House window and blinked. There was Nixon striding by, alone, eyes on the middle distance, the picture of a bothered President.

When he came out for his press conference he was grumpy. He wouldn't look the newsmen in the eye as he talked, complaining about the media and Congress, giving the Peace Corps a kick. There was just a faint whiff of that time back in 1962 when Nixon thought he was done with politics and walked off in self-pity.

There was John Connally, too. He rises like a specter at the least mention, almost as if there were a great national yearning for him to be a premature President. One sentence was spoken casually by one Administration official about how Nixon had mentioned Connally as a likely successor, and in an instant the story was bigger than life. Rightly so. The very afternoon following Nixon's press conference, when he tried to squelch the 1976 talk, old John came around to the White House for a secret meeting with the President.

It is normal for some men to leave an Administration halfway through, so some of the departures and firings now are expected. Yet there are a few people, like Speechwriter William Safire, who are edging toward the exits for no better reason than that they sense the beginning of the end. Herb Klein, the longtime Nixon friend and press aide, is looking into the condition of the publishing industry, and he will be drifting off. He has been in and around Washington almost as long as Nixon. He will be missed. He has been a monument to civility and decency in some bleak times.

One also gets the feeling from those new and unknown Cabinet officers and agency officials that they are to be caretakers, come to Washington to burnish the family name, get a little free travel and have a platform for a better job in another couple of years.

Nixon may have a Hanoi or a Havana summit soon. There may be an enormous battle over the new budget. But there is this persistent feeling these February evenings round the fire that Nixon has established the outer dimensions of his presidency. He has won the peace, perhaps ushered in an era of tranquility. He has set the lines for public debate on the size and function of Government.

It is not beyond belief that when we look back on this remarkable man, we will come to see that on the splendid evening in Key Biscayne last December, with his re-election fresh, with "peace at hand" and a pineapple sundae in his grip, Nixon was at his peak.



HEATH IN WASHINGTON

FOREIGN RELATIONS

A Mutual Understanding

It used to be called the "special relationship"—those ties of history and culture that bound the U.S. and Britain. Now, with Britain's entry into the European Economic Community, the traditional link has been redefined and renamed the "natural relationship." So as Prime Minister Edward Heath flew into Washington for a two-day meeting last week, both governments treated the visit as a promising start for Nixon's "Year of Europe"—that post-Viet Nam era heralded by Adviser Henry Kissinger last September.

By his exceedingly cordial treatment of Heath—full military honors, warm words of welcome at a state dinner and a rare presidential excursion to the British embassy for lunch—Nixon signaled his appreciation of Heath's diplomatic silence during the December bombings, a show of support denied him by some of the other Western powers. Besides, the two leaders get on well.

Nixon and Heath ranged agreeably over many topics during their meetings in Washington and at Camp David, from U.S. plans in Southeast Asia to the squabbles of the Middle East. Their main concerns were, predictably, trade and monetary affairs.

But if, in his private talks, Heath learned exactly what Nixon means by the Year of Europe, it will be news not only to the Europeans. Officials at the State Department have indicated to European diplomats that they too would like to know.

SEQUELS

Frankie Victorious

When Frank Sinatra publicly insulted Washington Post Columnist Maxine Cheshire with a mouthful of four-letter words and two dollar bills on the eve of President Nixon's Inauguration (TIME, Feb. 5), many proper people in the capital were appalled. Nixon himself, according to one source, was livid, feeling that the incident had "besmirched his Inauguration."

There were two immediate predictions as to the consequences: 1) that the uproar would jeopardize Frankie's friendship with his chief political patron, Vice President Spiro Agnew; 2) that the friendship might jeopardize Agnew's ties with his own patron, Richard Nixon.

Not so. Last week it was learned that Sinatra had received an invitation to a White House party in his honor planned for sometime this spring. The invitation was issued before the row with Mrs. Cheshire, who is suing Sinatra for slander, but according to White House spokesmen, the party is still on.

This has nothing to do with the fact that Sinatra donated at least \$14,000 to Nixon's re-election. It is just that, in the words of one White House staffer, "he did so much during the Inauguration, and in the campaign too." On the West Coast, Sinatra's publicity man said that the entertainer was "excited, delighted, flattered and honored."

TRIALS

Verdict on Watergate

Federal Judge John J. Sirica once had hopes that the Watergate mystery would be solved in his courtroom. The jury, he told the defendants, "is going to wonder who, if anyone, hired you. They are going to want to know if there are other people, that is, higher-ups in the Republican Party, who are involved in this case. The question will arise, undoubtedly, what was the motive for doing what you people say you did."

The jury took only 90 minutes last week to convict the two remaining defendants (the other five had pleaded guilty). The convicted pair: James W. McCord, 53, former CIA official and security coordinator for the Committee for the Re-Election of the President; and G. Gordon Liddy, 42, finance counsel to the C.R.P. Jailed on \$100,000 bond, they face, respectively, up to 45 and 35 years in prison. But if the jury did indeed wonder who told them to bug the Democratic Party headquarters, that wonder remained unsatisfied.

Government prosecutors headed by Assistant U.S. Attorney Earl J. Silbert pursued the case with tunnel vision. They concentrated almost exclusively on the narrow details of the entering and bugging of the Watergate offices,

while avoiding any evidence suggesting a larger effort to disrupt. The trial revealed almost nothing that had not already been disclosed in the press long before.

The Government seemed intent upon proving that the conspiracy had gone no higher than Defendant Liddy, who had masterminded the entire operation in order to score points with his superiors on the Nixon committee. The lawyers for the other defendants and the defendants themselves in and out of court offered their own implausible variety of motives: E. Howard Hunt implied that he had joined the operation because he feared that a liberal Democratic President might weaken U.S. policy toward Communism (TIME, Jan. 29); McCord had joined because he believed that the bugging might intercept some nefarious plot against the Republicans planned by a left-wing group; and the four other defendants had become involved because Hunt, their former boss during the Cuban invasion, told them it was part of the fight against Communism and Cuba.

So exasperated was Judge Sirica by both prosecution and defense that he often swept aside legal proprieties, interrupting and making theatrical asides. He started by interrogating all the prospective jurors himself, and during the trial he urged the lawyers to "get on with it." When Henry Rothblatt, one of the defense lawyers, offered an emotional opening statement, Sirica broke in with warnings, such as "don't let your blood pressure get up."

Sirica's overall behavior was such that defense lawyers for both McCord and Liddy announced that they would use it as a basis for appealing the verdict. That hardly chastened Sirica. As he stated during the trial, "I'm not awed by the appellate courts. Let's get that straight. All they can do is reverse me. They can't tell me how to run my case."

A lifelong Republican and a federal judge since his appointment by Eisenhower in 1957, Sirica has been the chief judge for the D.C. district court for more than two years. As such, he has the pick of the cases, and he took the Watergate trial for himself. From the beginning he established control, questioning witnesses himself, sometimes effectively, sometimes not.

As clear as that was, Sirica's interrogations were mostly unsuccessful at breaking through the opacity of the witnesses. He did, however, pry loose one enlightening piece of testimony: Hugh Sloan, the former treasurer of the C.R.P., told Sirica that the authority for the payment of \$199,000 (for unspecified purposes) to Liddy by Deputy C.R.P. Director Jeb Magruder had been verified by Maurice Stans, the chief fund raiser for the C.R.P., and checked out with John Mitchell, then the committee's chairman. Sirica obtained that testimony out of the jury's hearing and later read it from the bench—thereby, according to defense counsel, giving it too much authority. At week's end Sirica defended his active trial role: "I don't think it's our duty to sit up here like a bunch of nincompoops."

The trial is not the end of the case. Senator Sam Ervin of North Carolina announced last week his intention to conduct a special investigation beginning in March or April, picking up where Senator Edward Kennedy's Subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure leaves off.

How successful Ervin will be in following up such evidence will depend in part on whether the subpoena powers granted him will be able to overcome claims of executive privilege by White House staffers. Nevertheless, his investigation could hardly fail to be more enlightening than the trial. As Judge Sirica mused wistfully, "I hope the Senate gets to the bottom of this case."

JAMES W. McCORD JR.



JUDGE JOHN J. SIRICA



G. GORDON LIDDY



THE CONGRESS

Toward Restoring the Balance

SINCE the 93rd Congress gathered last month, its effort to achieve equality with the Executive Branch has developed into one of the nation's most significant political questions. Last week members of Congress assembled to debate the question themselves at the Smithsonian Institution's National Portrait Gallery. Their host was Time Inc. which celebrated the 50th anniversary of TIME The Weekly Newsmagazine with a dinner honoring Congress and a symposium on "The Role of Congress." Similar regional discussions had been sponsored earlier in Atlanta, Boston, Chicago and Los Angeles, bringing together Senate leaders and congressional scholars (TIME cover, Jan. 15).

The focus of the continuing debate was the relationship between Executive and Legislative branches. The powers of one have been expanding and the other eroding, said Time Inc. Editor in



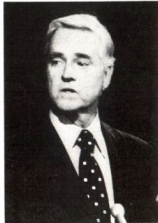
HOUSE SPEAKER ALBERT



HUBERT H. HUMPHREY



MR. & MRS. JOHN EHRLICHMAN WITH LAWRENCE SPIVAK ERNEST HOLLINGS



Chief Hedley Donovan, "in a way that throws the American system fundamentally and dangerously out of balance."

More than 500 Washington notables were invited to TIME's golden-anniversary dinner. They included legislative experts, scholars, newsmen and members of the Executive Branch. But the largest number were from the Congress. House Speaker Carl Albert and Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott assessed the role and powers of Congress. In addition, six other members participated—Senators Hubert H. Humphrey, Adlai Stevenson III and Ernest Hollings, and Representatives Patsy Mink, Gerald Ford and John Anderson.

At the earlier meetings, Donovan reported, "nobody wanted to stand up and say the Congress is working just the way it was intended to; nobody argued that the relationship with the President is exactly right." Still, Donovan pointed out that "the U.S. Congress with all its difficulties and shortcomings is still in many respects the strongest par-

liament in the world." Said he: "Its inadequacy is relative to the complex needs and stresses and opportunities of our society in the 1970s. The underlying question is whether at the highest level of national government we still see a place for collective wisdom drawn from the judgments and insights of many people—even as many as 535 people—as well as for the centralized, individual decision making, which is also essential in our system."

The sense of the earlier symposia, reported Donovan, had been that the body should be stronger. But, he added, "in urging that the Congress can make a more meaningful and constructive contribution to public policy, we do not consider ourselves to be attacking the presidency as an institution, or any particular Presidents, past or present. We need a strong presidency, and strong Presidents. And we need a presidency capable of deriving strength from a strong Congress."

Democratic and Republican speak-



MARYLAND SENATOR J. GLENN BEALL & WIFE



HEDLEY DONOVAN ADDRESSING TIME INC. ANNIVERSARY DINNER



JOHN ANDERSON



PATSY MINK



GERALD FORD



SENATE MINORITY LEADER SCOTT



ADLAI STEVENSON III



SENATOR SAM ERVIN OF NORTH CAROLINA & MRS. ERVIN IN PORTRAIT GALLERY

ers differed on the degree of strain between the White House and Capitol Hill. The G.O.P.'s Hugh Scott dismissed it as no more than "a degree of incivility." He added: "Nobody likes to be balanced, much less checked."

Scott considered that in view of 20th century political changes the Chief Executive inevitably had to become more powerful. "The 500 members of Congress always think they know better than that single fellow downtown. Yet they keep noticing that he is, by Orwellian measure, more equal than they are. Here the founders are to blame.

They created a strong Executive, which primarily distinguishes our system from the more usual parliamentary systems.

"If the presidency has become too powerful and Congress too weak—as I concede that they have in recent times—it is, I believe, because we have dealt with a great Depression and three wars since the 1920s. Congress was happy to turn the Depression over to a strong President. And wars cannot be fought and peace achieved by committee—certainly not by a committee of 535."

House Minority Leader Gerald Ford maintained that present differences

over congressional power in such areas as impounding funds, executive privilege and war powers reflected a longstanding ambiguity. "Both the Congress on the one hand, whether Democratic or Republican, and the President, regardless of political party, have rather enjoyed the ambiguity that exists in the law on all three instances," he said. "I am not sure that the ambiguity shouldn't continue to exist as our President and as our Congress have to meet emergency problems today."

Democrat Carl Albert, who has led the fight for congressional reform as one means of recovering power, vigorously disagreed. Albert accused President Nixon of "creating a crisis that goes to the very heart of our constitutional system." He charged that the White House has "usurped" congressional power in all three areas of declaring war, spending money and executive privilege. The most serious usurpation, in Albert's mind, is impoundment, a device by which the President sometimes refuses to spend money appropriated by the Congress (see box page 14).

The Speaker cited the Federal Water Pollution Control Act Amendments

THE NATION

of 1972, which authorized \$11 billion over two years in environmental spending. The President, invoking the danger of higher taxes and inflation, ultimately impounded more than half of that money. Said Albert: "It is obvious that what Congress has refused him, the President has undertaken to seize. The time has come for the Congress to call a halt to these wholesale Executive invasions of legislative powers and responsibilities."

The speakers agreed that Congress itself must change in order to regain power; already the concern over eroding strength has generated some reforms. Speaker Albert listed the most important: subcommittee chairmanships have spread out to include newer members, party caucuses will elect committee chairmen and ranking minority members, committee and voting procedures have been opened up to provide greater accountability, standards of conduct have been tightened.

Still more changes are necessary, however, if the Congress is to achieve coequality with the Executive Branch. Some proposed by last week's speakers sounded relatively simple. "Congress," said Scott, "spends too much time reading the minutes and squandering the hours. It needs the aid of computers and experts to operate them. In many ways we are still marching to the measured beat of another century's drums."

Ultimately, some speakers agreed reluctantly that Congress could not regain power until it demonstrated a greater sense of responsibility. Illinois

Congressman Anderson stressed a recurring criticism that the Legislative Branch still acted too often as a collection of regional blocs. "It is the failure of the Congress to develop a rational approach to the budgetary process that has produced this crisis," he said. Hollings added: "The issue is whether the Congress itself will get off its duff and do its job. The President has posed the issue after we both, on a four-year binge, have expended some \$100 billion more than we brought in. We are equally guilty."

Whether or not Congress recovers power also depends in a sense upon the conduct of Congressmen and Senators as individuals. Said Illinois Senator Stevenson: "We must not only have men in the Congress—and in all our institutions of government—of the highest character, integrity, ability, but we must also emancipate them from the pull and haul of special interests. And that, I think, means an end to large campaign contributions, which now are quite capable of buying influence in the Executive and Legislative branches."

Even without new reforms, suggested Hollings, Congress already has the capacity to do all these things. "There is no education in the second kick of a mule," he said. "All we need is to have the House set the limit, and the Senate will follow that discipline, and then we can call the President into line. I have seen that power exercised by the House. I have seen it exercised within the Senate. In the words of Walt Kelly's Pogo, 'We met the enemy and it is us.'"



"I refuse to take this! I won't stand for it!"

Bucking the Budget

Rarely has a President attacked so many vested interests at one time as Richard Nixon has with his proposed budget cuts. Rarely have so many vested interests joined in trying to make the President back down. Lobbyists have poured into Washington to seek out and pressure members of Congress, many of whom welcome the invasion. They themselves are angry at the President for impounding funds that Congress has appropriated.

As usual, the farmers were among

The Issue of Impounding

THE Constitution seems clear enough. It says that Congress "shall have power to lay and collect taxes...and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States." But when Congress has appropriated money, must a President spend it? Yes, say most congressional leaders. No, says President Nixon.

The constitutional conflict could end up before the Supreme Court, but a clear-cut answer is unlikely. "Great ordinances of the Constitution," wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes, "do not establish and divide fields of black and white. We cannot carry out the distinction between legislative and executive action with mathematical precision and divide the branches into watertight compartments."

Over the years, laws have been passed to give the President considerable discretion in handling congressional appropriations. The Anti-Deficiency Act of 1906 permitted the Chief Executive to set aside appropriations because of "some extraordinary emergency or unusual circumstances." In 1950 the President was granted further power to withhold reserves or make savings after funds were voted by Congress.

Recent Presidents have not hesitated to impound when it suited their purpose. In 1942 Franklin Roosevelt ordered the Secretary of War to establish monetary reserves by the "deferment of construction funds not essential to the war effort." A year later the Senate was disturbed enough by F.D.R.'s impoundment policies to impose some restrictions on them. But the House would not go along, arguing that in time of war, the Chief Executive's power over the budget should not be restrained. In 1949 Harry Truman withheld funds to build a 58-wing Air Force when he thought a 48-

wing would do. President Johnson cut back funds appropriated for a variety of domestic programs.

Nixon has gone further than his predecessors. He has claimed the constitutional right to impound, both to manage the economy and to reject programs or portions of programs that he feels are ill-advised. While past Presidents have shifted funds slated for one weapons system to another, they have been reluctant to do the same with domestic programs. Nixon has thus further stretched presidential power.

There are few judicial precedents to guide the President and Congress in the conflict. Albert Rosenthal, law professor at Columbia University, cites the one he considers most applicable: the concurring opinion of U.S. Supreme Court Justice Robert Jackson in the 1952 steel-seizure case. Jackson maintained that the President is on strongest constitutional ground when his action is consistent with the explicit direction of a congressional statute; he has less authority when he takes action in an area where Congress has not made known its wishes; he is weakest of all when he acts in opposition to a congressional statute. By impounding so liberally, Nixon obviously falls into Category 3.

Nixon, moreover, is acting in a dramatically altered political environment. Until recent years, an increase in presidential power was widely applauded. Since the Viet Nam War, however, presidential power has come under a cloud and many want to limit it. This adds to the consternation over Nixon's impounding. As Jackson pointed out: "Any actual test of power is likely to depend on the imperatives of events and contemporary imponderables rather than on abstract theories of law." For this reason, constitutional authorities would prefer that the issue be adjudicated not in the courts but in the rough and tumble of the political arena, where a workable compromise can be reached.

the first to arrive on the scene. Some 1,500 members of the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association gathered to denounce a prospective increase in interest for REA loans. They were joined by another veteran lobby, the National Farmers Union, which is aghast at the President's abolition of the Rural Environmental Assistance Program, a durable piece of pork barrel that distributes \$225 million a year among all 50 states. So successful were the lobbyists' initial efforts that the House Agriculture Committee quickly reported out a bill that would require the President to spend the money appropriated for REAP.

To keep the heat on, N.F.U. will continue to fly and bus into Washington hundreds of farmers. "There is heat, of course," observes Republican Senator Robert Dole of Kansas, "but it isn't unbearable. Hell, as long as I stay under my bed I can hardly feel it." Replies a top N.F.U. lobbyist: "I've spoken to Bob Dole and he better stay under his bed. If he doesn't feel the heat now, he will."

Helping the farmers is an unlikely ally: the National Limestone Institute. Although only 4% of the industry's output is purchased by farmers, Lobbyist Robert Koch is putting up a 100% fight to save REAP. The institute has sent out 15,000 protest letters to various policymakers as well as to county agents and farmers.

Less organized than the embattled farmers but gearing up for heavy combat are a variety of other pressure groups:

- The National League of Cities and the U.S. Conference of Mayors issued a report condemning the phasing out of several urban programs. Revenue sharing, the report complained, would not make up for the money lost by the elimination of categorical grants.

- The Committee for the Full Funding of Education, representing such organizations as the National Education Association and the American Association of School Administrators, is going to try to restore all slashes in school spending. Such is its strength in Congress that it has never failed to get all it asked for in previous years.

- A National Ad Hoc Housing Committee has been formed by about 70 organizations, including the National Association of Home Builders, the League of Women Voters and the N.A.A.C.P. The committee does not have the foot soldiers, however, to mount a major offensive in Washington against the moratorium on federally financed housing. Unlike some farmers whose income has been fattened by subsidies over the years, most people who need housing are too poor to be able to take time off from their jobs.

- The National Federation of Federal Employees, boring from within the Executive establishment, is not only trying to prevent many job cuts, it is also seeking an October pay increase that is not included in the budget.

CRIME

Assault on a Senator

Lying gravely wounded in the intensive-care section of Washington's Walter Reed Army Medical Center, Mississippi Senator John Stennis signaled for a pad and pencil. Although a respirator mask covered his face, he scribbled a brief note to President Nixon, apologizing for his inability to serve as moderator at the National Prayer Breakfast in Washington last week.

It was partly that kind of concern for the social graces, as well as his reputation for integrity and fairness throughout his 25-year career in the Senate, that made so much of Washington so angry over the shooting of the 71-year-old Democratic leader in a petty



MISSISSIPPI SENATOR JOHN STENNIS
Robbery at random.

street robbery. Despite his controversial pro-military and anti-integration stands, Stennis is widely regarded, even by legislative opponents, as one of the Senate's most capable and considerate members. As chairman of the Armed Services Committee, through which he has shepherded the Pentagon budgets, he has never been accused of denying colleagues every chance to argue opposing views. Despite their disagreement on racial issues, Ed Brooke of Massachusetts, the Senate's only black, considers Stennis always "a perfect gentleman."

As a friend of the military, Stennis was guest of honor at a reception given by the National Guard Association one night last week. Afterward, he drove his 1973 Buick sedan back to his \$50,000 two-story brick home in one of Washington's better residential districts. Lined with tall ginkgo trees but lit by only the pale yellow glow of corner street lights, the Northwest Washington neighborhood has known little crime.

As Stennis got out of his car short-

ly before 7:40 p.m. and reached back inside to pick up his overcoat and briefcase, two black youths slipped up beside him. They demanded his money, grabbed his wallet (containing credit cards and an undetermined amount of cash), his Phi Beta Kappa key from Mississippi State, his gold pocket watch and his only coin, a quarter. Although he apparently did not resist, one of the thugs then struck him, and the other said something like, "Now we're going to shoot you anyway." Stennis fell from two shots, and the attackers fled. Despite his wounds, Stennis lurched to his feet and struggled into the house, where his wife was ready to serve dinner. He told her to telephone for help, then lay down on a sofa to await an ambulance.

A team of eight doctors operated on Stennis at Walter Reed for more than six hours, working primarily to repair the damage of one bullet that penetrated his stomach, pancreas and colon. They feared bacterial infection from the colon and harm from digestive enzymes flowing from the open pancreas into the abdominal cavity. The other bullet caused only a flesh wound in his left thigh. While his condition remained "very serious" and the prognosis for recovery was described as "guarded," his good physical condition from years of exercise, nonsmoking and almost no drinking was a factor in his favor.

Senseless. Washington police and the FBI found no evidence that the assailants knew the identity of the victim, and they assumed it was a random robbery aimed at any affluent resident of the neighborhood. President Nixon called the shooting a "senseless thing" and praised Stennis as "the most indispensable" of all the Senators in helping achieve "the honorable peace" in Viet Nam. He said the weapon used apparently was a .22-cal. "Saturday night special," the kind of cheap handgun that the Senate last year voted to ban. (The bill died because the House did not agree.) Nixon said he was asking Attorney General Richard Kleindienst to work out a new gun-control bill with better prospects of passing.

In the past, Nixon has not strongly supported such legislation, calling it a matter for state control. The Stennis shooting has revived the issue, however. The Senate Democratic caucus urged "utmost dispatch" on measures to "inhibit the criminal and his access to deadly weapons." Illinois Democratic Senator Adlai Stevenson introduced a bill requiring federal licensing of all handguns. "What happened to Senator Stennis and Governor Wallace and Senator Robert Kennedy could happen to any citizen, and frequently does," he argued. A similar bill was to be introduced in the House by Democrats Dan Rostenkowski of Illinois and Jonathan Bingham of New York. The prospects of passage are not strong, for the nation's gun fanciers are numerous and organized. Among their defenders in Congress has been Senator John Stennis.

SONY. NO BALONEY.

From a study on "Advertising for Television Sets" prepared for the use of The Committee on Commerce, United States Senate, by the Institute for Public Interest Representation located at Georgetown University. (Underscoring added.)

CATEGORY III—SUBSTANTIATED, UNIQUE ADVERTISING CLAIMS

The four advertisements in this category were the only ones in the entire study that were substantiated by information submitted to the FTC, and also contained reliable information about unique features which the consumer could use in the choice of a television.

SONY

"To make a better color TV picture, Sony developed a better system. They simplified their color system and called it 'Trinitron'. Sony's system has one big color gun instead of three, and their lens is more than twice the size of everyone else's. With a large lens, you get a sharper, brighter picture."

In support of its "Trinitron" claims, Sony offered a company pamphlet which stated that the features of its new system. In the pamphlet, the company presented a convincing statement that its single gun tube produces a sharper, brighter picture in a more trouble-free color TV. It stated that the single gun tube does offer many advantages over the three gun tube.



TRUCKS TRANSPORTING COMMUNIST PRISONERS FROM SAIGON SOUTHWARD TO POSSIBLE RELEASE IN THE MEKONG DELTA

CEASE-FIRE

VIET NAM

Untangling the Knots of the Truce

NOTHING more vividly illustrated the end of the war for the U.S. than the arrival in Saigon last week of Lieut. General Tran Van Tra, chief representative of the Viet Cong on the Joint Military Commission—aboard an American helicopter. Tra, 55, is deputy commander of the Communists in South Viet Nam and the man who directed the 1968 Tet offensive.

He asked to be picked up at Loc Ninh, near the Cambodian border, a town that his troops had captured last spring. Seven UH-1 helicopters, painted with white stripes to signify that they were in the commission's employ, picked up Tra and 29 of his officers, still wearing their jungle-green uniforms; one Viet Cong arrived in Saigon carrying his automatic weapon.

Tra's presence in Saigon was necessary to help untangle the intricate web of arrangements on which the truce depends. The Joint Military Commission needed all four members—from the U.S., North Viet Nam, South Viet Nam and the Viet Cong—before it could begin to work out procedures, let alone stop truce violations by either side. The J.M.C. had to be operating before the International Commission of Control and Supervision—otherwise known as the CHIP commission, after its members, Canada, Hungary, Indonesia and Poland—could get down to business.

Besides all that, President Nguyen Van Thieu's government is due to start bilateral talks with the Viet Cong (more properly, the Provisional Revolutionary Government) in Paris this week. The goal: to create a National Council of National Reconciliation and Concord, which is supposed to supervise free elections. Then there is a 13-member international guarantee conference, due to convene on Feb. 28.

Just how easily those arrangements could become enmeshed in expressions of continuing enmity became apparent at the start of the week, when the first plane-load of delegates from the Provisional Revolutionary Government arrived. South Vietnamese authorities promptly demanded that they fill out customs forms. They promptly refused to do so, since that would imply recognition of the Saigon government. For 20 hours, they sat aboard the plane. By morning, the Poles and the Americans had persuaded the South Vietnamese to waive the formality, and the Communist delegates disembarked. In the afternoon, the performance was repeated when 90 delegates arrived from Hanoi; once again the South Vietnamese reluctantly waived their rules.

Fired. The Saigon regime, however, evened the score. It billeted the Communist delegates in a remote, closely guarded corner of Tan Son Nhut Air Base; one Polish delegate to the ICCS complained that "it's like a concentration camp out there." Presumably as another way of showing contempt for the commission, the South Vietnamese government appointed as its delegate one General Ngo Dzu, who was fired last year for military incompetence and has been accused of corruption. Nonetheless, the four members did eventually meet to discuss the rate of American withdrawal and arrangements for prisoner exchanges. The commission is expected to deploy its 3,300-man force this week at seven regional centers and 26 local communities.

Meanwhile the four-power CHIP commission marked time, waiting for the military commission to get moving. While they were waiting, the 1,160 members of the truce commission—Hungarians wearing their unusual

pointed hats, Canadians in the dark green short pants of a kind that had not been seen in Saigon since French colonial days—seemed to be all over the capital. By week's end they, too, were sending out preliminary teams to inspect regional headquarters sites at Pleiku, Danang and Hue.

The two commissions serve as a check on each other, since their supervisory and investigating duties overlap. But the new ICCS has some powers that the former and lamented International Control Commission did not. It can, for instance, investigate truce violations on its own, without waiting for a complaint from either side. The key factor, of course, is whether the four parties are willing to cooperate. So far the Poles and the Canadians agree that the new commission is graced with a cooperative spirit absent from the old ICC.

Will the 1973 Paris agreements succeed where the 1954 Geneva Accords failed? In many ways, the two agreements are ominously alike. Both provide for a cease-fire to be supervised by a small but relatively powerless international commission; for withdrawal of all foreign troops; and for eventual free elections.

There are differences, of course. In 1954 there was an impotent and virtually defenseless government in Saigon; today the South Vietnamese government has 1.1 million men under arms. In 1954 the U.S. repudiated the Geneva agreements as a "disaster" that might "lead to the loss of Southeast Asia." Today Washington is vitally interested in seeing that more or less the same terms can be made to work.

Among those who feel that the commission is bound to fail is Cambodia's exiled Prince Norodom Sihanouk, whose record in predicting events in In-



CANADIAN TRUCE SUPERVISORS RELAX AT SAIGON'S CONTINENTAL HOTEL
A cooperative new spirit the second time around.

dochina has been remarkably accurate. Answering questions cabled by TIME's Diplomatic Editor Jerrold Schecter, Si-hanouk said: "I wish I were wrong for the sake of the Vietnamese people, but I believe South Viet Nam will eventually be divided in two—that is, one South Viet Nam satellite of the U.S., and another South Viet Nam run by the Viet Cong—for a while at least. One day a violent confrontation between the two incompatible South Viet Nams will become inevitable...One of the two present antagonistic movements will be completely overpowered by the other."

Yet there are compelling reasons why the cease-fire might work this time around. One is that Washington, Moscow and Peking agree that it is no longer in their national interests to carry on a war in Indochina. Hanoi and the Provisional Revolutionary Government also have an interest in keeping the peace, since the agreement gives them a guaranteed place in the political life of South Viet Nam, which they believe will assure them of their ultimate goal. Besides the prospect of massive reconstruction aid from the U.S. for both Viet Nams—which Hanoi drastically needs to rebuild its industrial plant, destroyed by bombs—the North Vietnamese have an additional motive for making the truce work. They have traditionally played China off against Russia and vice versa; now they have a chance to add a third player to that game; the U.S.

That, according to Washington insiders, is the reason behind North Viet Nam's invitation to Henry Kissinger. He will visit Hanoi from Feb. 10 to 13 and Peking from Feb. 15 to 19. A past master of three-cornered politics himself, Kissinger views the trip to North Viet Nam as "an exploratory mission to determine how we can move from hostility toward normalization." For the North Vietnamese, there is an-

other dividend. The visit is bound to worry South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu. But if Thieu seriously violates the cease-fire, he would undoubtedly lose his invitation to visit President Nixon in San Clemente and, conceivably, the American aid that keeps him in power.

After the War Ended: Blood on the Highway

A few hours before the cease-fire began, more than 400 South Vietnamese marines seized a beachhead on the Cua Viet River, the last natural barrier south of the DMZ. The following night, and again the night after, the North Vietnamese counterattacked, killing at least 150 of the marines.

That was the bloodiest area of battle as the hour passed in which all shooting in the Viet Nam was supposed to stop. Both sides fought viciously to seize and hold tiny bits of territory, sometimes of strategic, but often only of symbolic value, before the truce supervisory bodies would arrive to validate the claims of *de facto* control. These battles for the "leopard spots" of South Viet Nam took a heavy toll. By week's end the South Vietnamese claimed to have killed 3,513 Communist soldiers after the cease-fire deadline, and they admitted the loss of 563 of their own troops—an unusually high concession.

While both sides violated the cease-fire on a broad scale, Saigon officials reported that North Vietnamese and Viet Cong forces were trying to seize 220 rural population centers and were repulsed or chased out in 192 cases. The Communists provided no such statistics but claimed that they were adhering "scrupulously" to the cease-fire.

Another Communist tactic was a

concerted drive to interdict the main highways around Saigon, thus isolating the capital. They succeeded in cutting five main routes, but after often heavy fighting, ARVN counterattacks managed to reopen three of those five.

For the confused peasants, relieved by the announcement of a cease-fire but threatened by new attacks from both sides, the struggle turned into a flag-waving contest. In many areas, the yellow-and-red-striped banner of the Republic of South Viet Nam was flying within a hundred yards of the red-blue-and-yellow-starred flag of the Viet Cong. The flags often in fact became targets for the competing troops, and a villager's choice of which flag to fly was sometimes fatal.

TIME correspondents, fanning out from Saigon to check on the fighting along the main highways after the cease-fire, often found themselves hugging the ground to avoid Communist shells and rifle fire. Their reports:

ALL THE SAME

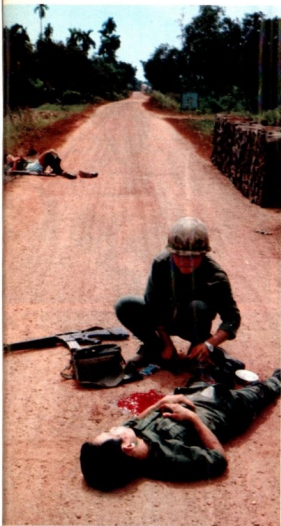
Marsh Clark: We drove down Highway 1 from Saigon. The sun was just coming up as we passed Long Binh Post, once the largest American military base in the world, standing virtually deserted save for the curly-tailed dogs nosing around in the discarded refuse of war.

Just ahead, a couple of Honda drivers were stopped, an ARVN unit was wearily piling out of its APCs and the road was devoid of traffic. "*Beaucoup V.C., beaucoup V.C.*," said one ARVN soldier, pointing down the road. Just then ARVN artillery behind us opened up. The 155-mm. howitzer shells descended over our heads with the sound of ripping cloth, landing just off the road at the edge of a tree line. Then from the distance we saw a single Jeep hurrying toward us, veering crazily from side to side. It screeched to a stop, and the driver, an ancient Buddhist priest who looked like Ho Chi Minh, said that fighting was taking place in the village of Trang Bom.

We followed the motorcycle cowboys, weaving in and out of junk on the road. Trang Bom was nearly deserted. It once had 8,000 residents, but since the cease-fire most had fled to nearby Bien Hoa. The village square was empty. A few small ducklings quacked

The signing of the truce did not stop the bloodshed, but it brought at least a prospect of better times. Clockwise, from top left: a South Vietnamese soldier wounded in ambush north of Saigon; ARVN soldier removing Viet Cong flag; cheering schoolchildren in Gia Dinh province; South Vietnamese soldier (left) and Viet Cong captain stand together in graveyard; the 357th ARVN battalion welcome orders to stop fighting.

First Days of the Cease-Fire IN SOUTH VIET NAM



IN NORTH VIET NAM



CEASE-FIRE

weakly in the doorways. As we hurried down an empty lane, ARVN soldiers yelled down at us from rooftops that there was incoming artillery fire. We huddled with the ARVN in doorways, and when the cannonade was over a few people approached us and told us that a mortar barrage in the morning had killed or wounded 20 people.

Suddenly everyone started to shout, the drivers of vehicles leaped into their seats, and away we went back toward Long Binh. When we got to Ga Nai, there was a colossal traffic jam. Huge U.S.-made tanks were mixing with empty vegetable trucks, ambulances, Hondas and beer vans. One old man had got out of his truck, slung a hammock between the two bumpers, and was fast asleep in the cool of the shade. War, cease-fire, they're all the same. Rest while you can.

AMID THE MARIGOLDS

Bill Stewart: The day began ominously as V.C. rockets slammed into Tan Son Nhut Air Base just before dawn on Sunday, less than two hours before the cease-fire was due to begin. The flames illuminated the darkness with a soft red glare. Unknown to most people in Saigon, intense fighting had raged throughout the night in many parts of South Viet Nam.

Route 4, Saigon's lifeline to the Delta, cuts through endless stretches of rice fields glistening luxuriantly in the early morning sun. The war, however, was not very far away. Just ten miles south of Saigon, the body of a dead Viet Cong lay alongside the road, eyes open, arms outstretched. He was not more than 20, and his side bore a gaping hole.

In Hamlet No. 5, part of Tan Tue village, Major Huyen Van Hai explained that about 30 Viet Cong had tried to enter the village during the night to raise their flags. The ARVN fought back. The major called off his troops just 15 minutes before the cease-fire, and the V.C. stopped shooting too. For the hamlet, the war appeared to have ended, and there were smiles everywhere. There was at least one V.C. casualty, however, and his body was brought along the main path of the hamlet. Few seemed to notice. An old woman and her grandson sat in front of their house plucking a newly killed duck. It was for the cease-fire, she said.

The truce news came to Hanoi over the same loudspeakers that only recently barked out air-raid warnings. Clockwise, from top left: citizens stopping in the streets to hear announcements; children selling firecrackers and paper garlands; a military band playing at a truce celebration in the presidential palace; a crowd gathers in Hanoi beneath a poster reading: "For the victory—the Tet flower market is open."

The unknown V.C. was laid to rest in a fallow field beside beds of marigolds.

"WE CAN'T GET THROUGH"

Gavin Scott: Just south of an elegant stand of rubber trees 28 miles east of Saigon on Highway 15, traffic piled up behind a police roadblock. "We've been coming here every day since Sunday, when the road closed," reported an elderly man clambering off a bus. "Every day it is the same. We can't get through to Vung Tau."

Helicopter gunships circled overhead, and the boom of outgoing 105-mm. artillery rent the still, muggy air. A truck carrying empty shell cans roared past the barbed wire. White clouds of smoke from a bomb strike billowed over the cluttered highway. "There are four ARVN soldiers dead on the road two clicks from here," said a security man. "There are V.C. about 200 meters on either side of the road. Until we get them, you can't pass." Nobody could, and as the morning wore on, the line of buses, trucks, Lambrettas and Hondas lengthened to more than a mile. Some disgusted travelers simply turned around and returned to Saigon to wait for another day.

THINKING OF TET

Barry Hillebrand: As I went through the tiny village of Som Soui astride Highway 13, the people were returning to rebuild their houses. Government troops had blasted the village to drive out the Communists. On the road were the bodies of 14 dead Communists, one with a barbed-wire noose around his neck. The cease-fire has been unlucky for Som Soui. One villager told me that prior to the cease-fire talk in October the village had never been fired upon.

In Tay Ninh city, a collection of villages, a nervous man twisted baling wire in his hard hands as he explained how the cease-fire had destroyed his home. The V.C. planted flags along the front of his house, and in the battle that followed, the house lost all its walls. Only scattered red tiles and brown posts were left. He did not understand anything about the cease-fire, nor could he focus on the coming Tet holiday. "How can I think about Tet?" he asked. "I have no house now to have a celebration in. What's left for me?"

At week's end the fighting seemed to be dropping off, and U.S. officials in Washington, privately surprised at how long and intensely the warfare had gone on after the cease-fire, cautiously predicted that it would decline further as the supervisory teams began to function. They expect scattered, small-scale fighting, including assassinations and other terror tactics, to continue, however, as both sides pursue their conflicting goals. Even more privately, high U.S. officials, while professing outward optimism, fear that once the U.S. has completely pulled out of Viet Nam, open warfare on a larger scale might erupt once again.

LAOS & CAMBODIA

Inching Toward Peace

If peace comes to South Viet Nam, can it be far behind in Laos and Cambodia? The Paris agreement stipulated that all foreign troops would withdraw from the territory of the two countries, but it did not say when. They must first negotiate their own differences before they can extricate themselves from a war in which they were involuntarily involved. Last week government and Communist forces in both countries appeared to be inching toward a

CHARLES BONRAY



CAMBODIAN PREMIER LON NOL
Do Khmers fight Khmers?

cease-fire and perhaps even peace.

► In Cambodia, Premier Lon Nol declared a unilateral halt to offensive operations against the Communists. Exiled Prince Norodom Sihanouk, during a visit to Hanoi, pledged that the forces he nominally heads would not start major actions either. The North Vietnamese have only tenuous control of the native Khmer Rouge, and would have a hard time making an agreement stick. But a *de facto* cease-fire would give the Cambodians a chance to work out their own arrangement.

► In Laos, secret talks began between the government and the Communist-led Pathet Lao. The North Vietnamese, who have more than 67,000 troops in the country, had assured Henry Kissinger in Paris that negotiations in Laos would lead to a cease-fire.

The Communists did in fact show a new flexibility. They abruptly reversed their longstanding refusal to deal with military and political matters separately. Communist spokesmen suggested that Premier Prince Souvanna Phouma was overoptimistic in his prediction that a cease-fire in Laos would come within 15 days of one in South Viet Nam, but they agreed that a truce would come soon. Lending a helping hand, the So-

CEASE-FIRE

viet Union offered to fly negotiators between the capital of Vientiane and the Communist stronghold of Samneua, about 200 miles away.

Paradoxically, Laos has the best chance of an early peace—largely because the North Vietnamese have virtually complete control over the Pathet Lao, and can keep them in line for whatever deal is worked out. Nonetheless, the war has hottest there last week. Thailand-based B-52 bombers, relieved of their duties in Viet Nam, concentrated their power on Communist forces in Laos. The strikes were aimed at suspected concentrations of North Vietnamese troops. For their part, the North Vietnamese pulled troops off the Ho Chi Minh Trail and arranged them in offensive positions against the Royal Lao Army. The most serious threat was to the junction of Thakhek, which was encircled by nine battalions of Communist troops.

Cambodia's situation is even more intricate. The 40,000-strong Khmer insurgents, according to U.S. State Department officials, control more than 50% of the land and 40% of the population (Prince Sihanouk claims a far higher figure of 70% of the population). The insurgents are a disparate coalition of Communists, nationalists, dissidents and pro-Sihanouk loyalists. Originally armed by Hanoi, the Khmer Rouge is now largely independent of the North Vietnamese. In the more than two years since Cambodia was invaded by Saigon's forces and brought into the war, the rebels have proved themselves at least an even match for the 180,000-man Cambodian army.

Mute. The conventional wisdom in Phnom-Penh is, as a Cambodian businessman puts it, that "Khmers do not like to fight Khmers. Once the Vietnamese leave we will have peace." Perhaps, but if the rebels disprove this axiom, says a Western military attaché, Cambodia will have "an insurgency problem that will go on for years and could match the Viet Nam situation."

One unpredictable factor is Prince Sihanouk, who has lived in exile in Peking since he was overthrown in 1970. Until last week, he was asserting that the rebellion would continue "until the traitorous Lon Nol regime in Phnom-Penh is wiped out." The Prince changed his tune during a visit to Hanoi and emphasized instead that "we are going to temporize, mute our operations and not launch offensive actions."

What had happened? Apparently the North Vietnamese had applied pressure to Sihanouk, and probably so had the Chinese. The question is whether even the combination of Hanoi and Sihanouk will persuade the independent-minded Khmer Rouge rebels—many of whom have little use for the Prince—to put down their arms. A possible, if unstable solution might be the creation of a tripartite settlement with Lon Nol on the right, Sihanouk in the middle and the Khmer Rouge on the left.

P.O.W.S

Tidings Good and Bad

The anguish of waiting and hoping finally brought a burst of phone calls from the Pentagon last week. For 562 families, the years of uncertainty were over, and in a euphoric flush, they rushed to prepare for the homecoming.

For two families, the return of their men will mean a double celebration. On Jan. 30 in Wayne County, N.C., Sharon Alpers gave birth to a son shortly after learning that her husband, Captain John H. Alpers Jr., missing since Oct. 5, had been listed as a known prisoner. The child was named John III. That same morning, near Goldsboro, N.C., the wife of Air Force Captain Brian M. Ratzlaff, also listed as missing in action until last week, bore a daughter, Christine.

But bad news came too. Some 1,300 families were told that their men's



P.O.W. WIFE SHARON ALPERS & NEW BABY
A double blessing.

names were not on any of the lists released after the cease-fire was signed. Although there were some bizarre and happy surprises—Ronald Ridgeway, a Marine whose mother had "buried" him in 1968, was found to be alive—the hopes of many families of missing men went unrewarded.

Mrs. Evelyn Grubb, widow of Air Force Colonel Wilmer N. Grubb, sat in a restaurant in Arlington, Va., and said quietly and bitterly: "Now the next phase—The remains have been found and are being shipped home." Her husband was one of 55 men Hanoi listed as having died in captivity. In Georgia, the parents of Captain Larron Murphy, missing since 1970, settled down for another siege. "I'm still expecting my son's name to come up," said his mother. "I don't think this is a complete list. I'm not going to give up hope."

Meanwhile, at Clark Air Base in the Philippines, evacuation planes and flight crews are on alert for the first airlift out of Hanoi, expected to come some time this week. A fully staffed hospital, complete with 50 doctors, 800 nurses and turquoise sheets, stands ready to receive as many as 150 men at once. The personal escorts assigned to each prisoner have begun to arrive. According to Major Joel S. Hetland, one of the officers on escort duty, they are being briefed with advice from former prisoners like "Don't ask your man how it was up there in Hanoi." In order to ensure that returnees do not get asked precisely that sort of question by the press, the military announced that the prisoners would not be available for interviews. Undaunted, close to 100 accredited newsmen turned up at the base, threatening still another Asian skirmish. Officials at Clark relented somewhat at the end of the week, hinting that a few token prisoners would be permitted to meet with the press.

For the families waiting across the country, there will be immediate notification by the military and then the first phone call from the men themselves. Myrna Borling has not seen her husband since 1966, and she is concerned that the changes they have both gone through will make the reunion difficult. "I don't remember the same 'old John,' but this is going to work. I haven't sat around this long for nothing. It's got to work."

Martha Kasler, whose husband, Air Force Colonel James Kasler, was one of Viet Nam's hot fighter pilots before being shot down, is more confident about his return. "It's going to be pretty exciting to start all over again," she said. "It's supposed to be even better the second time around."



PERSONAL KIT FOR RETURNING PRISONERS
Plus turquoise sheets.

EXPATRIATES

No Tears

President Nixon's declaration that "those few hundred who went to Canada or Sweden or someplace else" must now "pay their price" for "deserting their country" caused little surprise among the "few hundred" themselves (actually some 68,000) who are now living outside the boundaries and the laws of the U.S. TIME correspondents interviewed American expatriates last week in Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver, and found them not only resigned to the prospect of no amnesty in the near future but in most cases quite content to stay in Canada indefinitely.

"There is a stereotype of the draft evader or deserter in Canada," reported TIME Correspondent Henry Muller. "He is shaggy, has no job, lurks in hideouts," fears the Mounties and yearns for homemade bread back in Iowa. Certainly the type exists, but one must also count the law students, bank employees, doctors, surveyors, social workers, university teachers and accountants—some of them straight, some of them not—as well as the lonely fellows who peddle the local radical sheet in front of department stores." A sampling:

► **Blond, bearded and neat**, Ed Starkins, 26, has lived in Vancouver for three years. He works for \$100 a week at a medical clinic, writing health manuals. A graduate of San Diego State, he left for Canada after learning that the FBI had called at his home one day while he was out the had ignored two draft notices. Starkins likes Canada so much he plans to stay. "I wouldn't go back," he says, "except to visit my family and friends. The problem is not just the Viet Nam War. It is the whole social structure that's screwed up."

► **Bruce Thomas, 24**, took off for Canada in 1969, after his draft board changed his classification to 1-A. He got a job as a recreation director in Slave Lake, Alta., and soon took over as editor of the weekly paper, the *Lesser Slave Lake Scope*. The paper keeps Thomas, his Alberta-born wife and one employee busy. A self-confessed "disturber of the social scene," he goes after conflicts of interest in the local council and finds frequent opportunity to warn his readers against the "rat race of U.S. life." Amnesty, he says, does not matter to him. "Some time in the future, when there is a different President—never under Nixon—I might go back for a visit. If I can go back, why not? But I plan to make my home in Canada."

► **Larry Johnson, 26**, married a Canadian girl the week before he graduated from Antioch College, and shortly thereafter took a job in Cornwall, Ont. He returned to the U.S. for his Army physical and a re-examination, but never showed up for his induction. Now he is a librarian in Toronto, where he plans to settle. "I still believe in the



AMERICAN EXPATRIATES READ CEASE-FIRE NEWS IN A MONTREAL COFFEEHOUSE
"I wouldn't go back, except to visit my family and friends."

textbook ideal of the waving fields of grain and the paper boy who can eventually rise to be editor or publisher or whoever the top man is. I think it's a wonderful ideal. But the country that spread that ideal got very old very fast. Now it's in a kind of menopause. Who knows if it will be fatal? If amnesty were declared in the next five years, I don't think I'd go back." In fact, Johnson says, the only reason he would want to go back would be to attend his grandmother's funeral when she dies.

► **Donald Burke, 31**, a doctor who left the U.S. in 1969, is now a pathologist at the Jewish General Hospital in Montreal. "We aren't asking for amnesty—at least I'm not," he says, claiming that he will only feel able to return to the U.S. when "there is a general recognition that the war was an immoral and illegal exercise."

There are, of course, many other deserters and draft dodgers who want to come home now that the war has ended, but they do not dare face the risks. One Green Beret medic who deserted Army training at Fort Bragg, N.C., four years ago was arrested and was being court-martialed when he escaped and made his way to Sweden. Last summer he arrived in Canada with another American expatriate whom he had married in Stockholm. Now he wants to return to the U.S. "I have a feeling for the U.S. and the future," he says. "I'm not cynical. I hope things go better." Yet he realizes that as a deserter who escaped while under arrest, he faces even stiffer penalties than most of his fellow exiles.

The problems and realities of trying to go home were discovered by Michael Pieffer, 22, a refugee from the Selective Service who had been living and working in Vancouver for two years. Shortly after the cease-fire was an-

nounced, Pieffer set off for his home town of Seattle, in the words of his lawyer, "to settle things up with the Government one way or another." By a quirk of chance, a federal grand jury had finally got around to indicting him for draft evasion, and FBI agents were making a routine check of his sister's home when they encountered—and summarily arrested—Pieffer himself. He is now in Seattle's King County jail, with bail set at \$3,000.

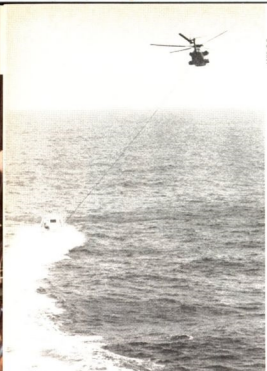
There are hundreds, perhaps thousands of Americans still in Canada and elsewhere who are anxious to settle up with their Government, but not at the price Nixon wants them to pay. For those, at least for the time being, Nixon has had the final word: "If they don't want to return, they are certainly welcome to stay in any country that welcomes them."

ARMED FORCES

Clearing the Mines

A U.S. Navy task force of more than 20 vessels gathered in the Gulf of Tonkin last week for the start of one of the nation's first big postwar missions. Code-named "Endsweep," the operation will search out and destroy the thousands of mines that the U.S. laid down last May to cut off shipping to Haiphong and six other North Vietnamese ports.

Unlike the tethered globes that floated on or near the surface during World Wars I and II, most of these new weapons lie on the bottom, waiting to be exploded by ship noises, the magnetism of a ship's steel hull or even water-pressure changes caused by a ship's approach. The mines were designed to deactivate themselves auto-



SIKORSKY SEA STALLION
Flying safely overhead.

matically at some predetermined time, but that time has apparently not yet come. So the U.S. promised, as part of the final cease-fire agreement, to go and clear all of the ports.

Endsweep, commanded by Rear Admiral Brian McCauley, will use some new minesweeping vehicles, about 50 of the huge Sikorsky "Sea Stallion" helicopters. Normally equipped with two 2,850-h.p. engines, the eleven-ton Sea Stallion has the strength to haul the heavy and complicated electronic gear needed for locating and detonating mines. There are four methods:

- ▶ Tethered mines will be cut from their cables by a severing wire pulled along by a low-flying helicopter. The freed mines will then float to the surface, where they can be harmlessly detonated by gunfire.

- ▶ Acoustic mines will be detonated by an electronic device that accurately and effectively reproduces shiplike noises in varying frequencies.

- ▶ Magnetic mines will be exploded by magnetic cables mounted on "sleds" towed by a helicopter flying safely overhead, as much as 60 feet above the surface.

- ▶ The "Mark 106" system, considered one of the Navy's most sophisticated anti-mine devices will also be towed by helicopter, and it produces a "multiple output" of signals that can detonate acoustic, pressure or magnetic mines.

Getting the mines out could take several months, the Navy says, and will start only when the North Vietnamese government approves the final minesweeping plan. Estimated cost: more than \$1.3 million a day.

The Quiet Exit

For the last remaining G.I.s in South Viet Nam, Camp Alpha is where it all ends. Tucked away in an obscure corner of Tan Son Nhut Air Base, Camp Alpha is a depressing, dehumanizing collection of waiting rooms and barracks, offices and endless queues, where exiting American soldiers are assigned before boarding a plane bound for the U.S. and home.

Partly because Camp Alpha is about as cheerful as a bus depot, there is no great sense of liberated joy among the troops in transit. "I guess that we are all happy inside," said one airman last week, "but the outside is still numb."

What numbs the outside is the tedious, hurry-and-then-wait routine of military processing. The soldiers must have their urine analyzed, their baggage searched by M.P.s and sniffed by dope-sniffing dogs, and their bodies frisked before they are finally herded into Waiting Room A or Waiting Room B. There they sit restlessly on orange plastic chairs, staring at travel posters, talking little, some playing hearts, gin rummy or chess until flight time is finally announced.

Many of the men are young and married; some talk eagerly, some nervously, of rejoining their wives. "There's a lot of catching up to do," one airman notes. When two soldiers in fatigues finally enter the room to announce that military buses are ready to take them to their planes, the troops line up quietly. A few complain softly as a lone servicewoman is invited to move up to the head of the line. Walking out, another airman offers a cynical farewell: "Well, this is our last hour in the great Republic of Viet Nam."

Most of the troops make the flight to the West Coast in chartered commer-

cial DC-8s and 707s that can carry up to 250 G.I.s at a time. Such carriers as Pan Am, TWA and Flying Tiger are being paid a total of \$6,000,000 to aid the 60-day withdrawal operation. U.S. Air Force jet transports are also being used to help carry the 23,700 troops home. Actually, the job is far less difficult than the massive earlier withdrawal of troops; more than 70,000 men, for example, were pulled out in a two-month period early in 1972. All U.S. military bases long ago were turned over to the South Vietnamese forces, so there is no large dismantling task or mass movement of heavy supplies still to be done.

There are, however, the inevitable personal agonies that accompany troop departures. Many G.I.s and their Vietnamese sweethearts, some with babies, must decide whether to continue their lives together. The women can apply for "fiancée visas," but must marry within 90 days after their arrival in the U.S. or be returned to Viet Nam. The U.S. embassy in Saigon granted 1,511 such visas last year and recorded 553 marriages of U.S. military men and Vietnamese women. There has been no rush of new applications, however.

Even the American penchant for adopting pets can prove painful: the soldiers must either go through laborious paper work to bring their dogs home, find someone to keep them or have a veterinarian dispose of them. U.S. military authorities warn against abandoning the animals.

When the last U.S. military man has left Viet Nam, Camp Alpha will be turned over to the U.S. embassy. Its commander, Captain George Parrott of Taft, Calif., apparently will be that last man. He is perplexed about one final detail: "We haven't decided who will process my papers."



U.S. SOLDIERS BOARDING HOME-BOUND PLANE IN VIET NAM
Happy on the inside but numb on the outside.

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THE FAR EAST

Entering an Uncertain Age

EVEN as skirmishes sputtered on in Viet Nam last week, other Asian nations were already beginning to contemplate the uncertain political future of the postwar Far East. Having dealt in the harsh, simplistic vocabulary of hot and cold war for the better part of a generation, Asian leaders initially had nothing better to offer than uncomfortable clichés.

Japan's Premier Kakuei Tanaka, for instance, opened a new session of the Diet just before the cease-fire with enthusiastic incantations of a "new age," a "turning point" and a "new chapter." Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew recently visited Thailand, where he and his aides discussed plans for Asia's future with Prime Minister Thanom Kittikachorn. Lee foresees "a period of intermission—a waiting for the end of one phase of history and the start of another, which we hope will be a more promising era."

It promises to be a busy intermission, filled with diplomatic talk and travel. Australia's outward-looking new Prime Minister Gough Whitlam, for instance, is due in Djakarta the end of this month to discuss expansion of a bilateral defense agreement with Indonesia. Doubtless he will also lobby for his own dream of a new nonmilitary alliance of Asian and Pacific nations, including China.

Feelers. The Foreign Ministers of the five members of the Association of South East Asian Nations (ASEAN)* will meet in a special session in Kuala Lumpur next week. Among other matters on their agenda is whether and how the organization should expand to include Burma, Cambodia, Laos and the two Viet Nams. South Korean diplomats hint that they will not only accelerate their plodding discussions with Pyongyang on reunification but also put out diplomatic feelers to Moscow and Peking.

Tokyo last week announced that Japan would soon send a delegation to Hanoi to discuss reconstruction and possibly the establishment of diplomatic contacts. On White House instructions, U.S. Ambassador Robert Ingersoll promptly showed up at the Japanese Foreign Ministry to caution Japanese officials not to sidle up to North Viet Nam before the cease-fire had proved effective—and before Henry Kissinger had made his appearance in Hanoi. Result: the Japanese mission will almost certainly be postponed.

What the activity adds up to, so far,

*Indonesia, Malaysia, the Philippines, Singapore and Thailand.

is that many Asian leaders take seriously the prospect of a multipolar diplomacy emerging in the postwar Pacific. "Before, all of us were living under the umbrella of the great powers," Singapore's Foreign Minister S. Rajaratnam told TIME's Peter Simms, reflecting the uneasiness of many of his colleagues. "Thailand had America. We had Britain. Now they have taken away the umbrellas—and we are really beginning to feel the heat."

In fact, the umbrellas are not quite ready to be furled and put away. The five-power mutual security agreement set up by Malaysia, Singapore, New Zealand, Australia and Britain is dissolving, but only gradually. Although Britain will keep its 2,500 troops in Singapore for as long as they are needed, Australia will withdraw part of its small force; New Zealand may follow suit by pulling its lone battalion out of Singapore and Malaysia. As Vice President Agnew was at pains to point out to his Asian hosts on his current trip, the U.S. does not plan a significant post-Viet Nam cutback in American forces in Asia and the Pacific. A scheduled withdrawal of some of the 43,000 G.I.s remaining in South Korea was postponed so that Seoul could deal from strength in its delicate negotiations with North Korea. Despite the Nixon Doctrine, in short, the Administration does not want to reduce its forces in Asia at a time when it might unbalance negotiations that are now in progress, such as those involving the two Koreas.

That is comforting to many Asians, not the least the Chinese. China's Premier Chou En-lai has been telling foreign visitors lately that he worries that "a certain country"—meaning, obviously, the Soviet Union—will use the post-Viet Nam period to seize a dom-

inant role in Asia. Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev sounded very much the man of peace in his address last week at a reception for North Vietnamese Negotiator Le Duc Tho in Moscow, but it would not be surprising if the Soviets renewed their periodic effort to recruit some Asian partners to join their so-called mutual security system.

For that reason, Chinese diplomats, who used to flay "American imperialism" regularly, now hint that Peking would be pleased to see the U.S. keep its bombers in Thailand and the Seventh Fleet in Asian waters for the time being. Peking, apparently, is not yet convinced that a stable new Asia will emerge as the old, explosive years of bipolar confrontation give way to a new four-power equilibrium maintained by the U.S., Japan, China and the Soviet Union.

The smaller powers are looking—perhaps fancifully—to regional solutions to some post-Viet Nam uncertainties. One of the "many lessons" of Viet Nam, Malaysia's Prime Minister Tun Abdul Razak said last week, is that "we must scrupulously avoid any entanglement with big-power conflicts." At his country's initiative, ASEAN is champi-

LEE & KITTIKACHORN



JAPAN'S TANAKA & CHINA'S CHOU EN-LAI AT PEKING BANQUET



oning a somewhat vague plan for "neutralization" of the ten Southeast Asian states under big-power guarantees—a proposal that has already received the support of Australia's Whitlam. The Thais, who would like to see Burma, Cambodia and Laos turned into neutral buffer states, regard the ASEAN plan as implausible. Even if neutralization could somehow be instituted, says Thailand's Deputy Foreign Minister, General Chartichai Choonhawan, "it would probably not mean much."

Passed Over. Not every Asian nation was pleased with the particulars of the nine-point Paris settlement, even though no one wanted the war to continue. India, for instance, was privately unhappy at being dealt out of the supervisory force and then excluded from the 13-member Viet Nam "guarantee conference" that is to convene within the next few weeks. Japan was also brusquely passed over for the guarantee conference in October when the first cease-fire draft was revealed—leading to another Washington-Tokyo crisis of confidence, which was eventually smoothed over by U.S. assurances that the conference would not get into the broader problems of peace in Asia.

But unlike India, which may never have the economic strength to command a pivotal voice in Asian affairs, Japan has a nearly \$300 billion G.N.P. that is larger than all the other Asian economies combined. Clearly, Japan must play a major role. But what will it be? In his Diet speech, Tanaka suggested rather half-heartedly that Tokyo might "positively participate" in the shaping of the post-Viet Nam era by hosting a grand conference of Asian and Pacific nations. It was a half-hearted suggestion because the Japanese Foreign Ministry insisted on watering down what was supposed to have been a major Japanese initiative. The diplomats fretted that a serious effort might flounder humbly with a rebuff from China or some other key nation.

If Tokyo has not developed the international stature it craves, it has also not learned to deal with its image as a coarse "economic animal." Reflecting the thoughts of many concerned Japanese, Tokyo's daily *Mainichi Shinbun* recently spoke of "a moral obligation to cough up some of the profits [Japan] has made out of this war" to aid the reconstruction effort. So far, the reaction of Japan's industrial establishment seems to be simply that there's gold in them thar nine points. By the reckoning of the Nomura Economic Research Institute, the cost of rebuilding and economic development in the two Viet Nams over the next ten years will reach \$12 billion to \$15 billion—of which at least 10% to 20% would flow into Japan for trucks, steel, machinery and other materials needed in the reconstruction effort. In short, Japan stands to reap a substantial return for the \$1 billion in aid that it has so far pledged to help close the wounds of war.

MIDDLE EAST

Deadly Battle of the Spooks

MOURNING the eleven Israelis who were murdered by Arab guerrillas of the Black September movement at the Munich Olympics last fall, Premier Golda Meir promised a war to avenge them. Israel, she said, would fight "with assiduity and skill" on a "far-flung, dangerous and vital front line." Mrs. Meir never explained where that front line was to be, but it is now becoming ominously evident. Across Europe and the Middle East, Israeli intelligence agents and Palestinian Arabs are fighting an ugly, deadly battle of attrition. For each, the targets and victims are the other side's suspected spies.

The two latest casualties in this battle of the spooks were killed two weeks ago, a day and 2,000 miles apart. On Cyprus, an Arab businessman named Hussein Bashir, 33, flipped off the light in his second-floor room in Nicosia's Olympic Hotel and climbed into bed. An explosion suddenly wrecked the room and killed Bashir. Although he traveled on a Syrian passport and headed a company called Palmyra Enterprises, Bashir is believed to have been the representative to Cyprus of Al Fatah, the principal Palestinian guerrilla organization. A bomb, apparently one that could be detonated electronically from a distance, had been concealed under Bashir's bed. An unidentified assassin had watched for the light to go out in the room and then pressed a detonator, setting off the bomb.

The next day an Israeli businessman known as Moshe Hanan Yshai was inexplicably shot twice while strolling on the Gran Via, Madrid's busiest street,

in view of hundreds of shoppers. Sources in Jerusalem identified the victim as Baruch Cohen, 37, and admitted that he was employed by the Israeli government. His line of work was intelligence; Cohen was on the Gran Via tracking the man who was to shoot and kill him. Before he died, he identified his murderer as a member of Black September—which claimed credit for the assassination.

Another apparent victim of the war of the spooks was Mahmoud Hamshari, 34, the P.L.O.'s principal representative in France. When he answered a telephone call at his Paris apartment one day last December, a bomb placed beneath the telephone table detonated. Badly maimed, Hamshari lived for a month before dying from his wounds. Wa'il Zuaiter, 38, whom Israelis have accused of planning assaults on El Al jets, was waiting for the elevator at his Rome apartment building in October when someone—Rome police have never determined who—came along and shot him twelve times at close range.

Besides Cohen, one other Israeli official is known to have been killed in the war: Ami Shachori, 44, agricultural counselor in the Israeli embassy in Britain, was killed in his London office in September when he unknowingly opened a letter-bomb—one of many sent to Israeli officials round the world. Somewhat more ambiguous is the case of Khodr Kanou, 36, a Syrian journalist in Paris, who was shot to death in his apartment doorway three months ago. Kanou, it turned out, was a double agent; French police suspect that Pal-

ISRAELI SUN



BARUCH COHEN

GRIEVING RELATIVES AT HAIFA BURIAL OF SLAIN AGENT
Obituaries for the living in a grim war of attrition.

estinians killed him for exposing Black September operations.

Europe appears to be the main battlefield in the war of the spooks because movement between countries is easier there than in most other areas. To prevent any extension of the conflict, the U.S. has mobilized a special anti-terrorist task force under former Ambassador to Japan Armin H. Meyer.

Understandably, the Israeli government has disclaimed any responsibility for the assassination of the P.L.O. agents. The most that the Israelis will admit is that they are using "unconventional tactics" to combat Arab terrorists wherever they operate. That strategy may well include carrying out a subtle war of nerves against Palestinian Arabs living in Europe. Obituaries of men who are still alive appear in local newspapers; the warnings, paid for by "friends," are unmistakable. Other Arabs have received anonymous letters containing intimate details of their private lives; they are advised to go home by the letter writers, who have obviously been tracking them. Lethal letter bombs have injured Arab recipients not only in the Middle East but in European cities as well.

The Israeli CIA. The director of the anti-P.L.O. operation is believed to be Major General Aharon Yariv, 51, who retired as director of military intelligence last year to become Golda Meir's "special adviser on security affairs." Yariv's operatives are probably members of Mossad ("the Institution"), Israel's equivalent of the CIA. Mossad appears to have infiltrated the guerrilla movement. In recent months at least three Arab travelers have been arrested at European airports by local police, who had been tipped off that passengers were carrying arms and explosives in their luggage. In separate incidents, Austrian and Italian police stopped young Arabs traveling on stolen or forged Israeli passports that normally might not have been questioned.

The P.L.O. argues that the Arabs who have been assassinated recently were not criminal terrorists but the equivalents of shadow ambassadors from a government in exile. Thus, the P.L.O. claims, Israel is trying to strangle the organization's growing political alignments with friendly states.

In Cairo, meanwhile, Abu Iyad, second-in-command to Fatah Chief Yasser Arafat, last week conceded that Israel is now so cordoned off from fedayeen attacks by Lebanon, Jordan and the Sinai that direct assaults on "the enemy" are no longer possible. "We know our generation will not reach the sea," he said. Therefore Palestinians must hit Israelis abroad. "We don't have to occupy Tel Aviv to make our point," said Iyad. "It's sufficient to keep scoring. We should fight the enemy anywhere in the world because every country bears the guilt for Palestine."

The Palestinian guerrillas are almost fatalistic about their running bat-

tle with the Israeli underground. Taking precautions, says one, "only adds up to postponing our execution." The fedayeen feel that they are being boxed in not only by Israeli agents but by Arab governments as well; one reason they have begun to use forged or stolen Israeli documents is that some conservative Arab governments have threatened to cut off support if Palestinians use their passports on anti-Israeli missions. The fedayeen are leaning more and more toward the desperate tactics of Black September. Yasser Arafat, eulogizing the dead Hussein Al Bashir, swore revenge "not on Cyprus, not in Israel and not in the occupied territories." That meant retaliation could come anywhere in the broadening battle of the spooks. Israeli officials are warning citizens abroad to take even more stringent security precautions than usual.



MOURNERS AT BELFAST FUNERAL OF PETER WATTERSON

NORTHERN IRELAND

Going Crazy

"This could be the beginning of the end," remarked a constable at Belfast's central police station last week. "Everyone is going crazy." Even for Northern Ireland, that seemed an extreme statement. But last week, ten more people were killed in Belfast, bringing the total killed in Ulster since 1969 to 701; most were random victims of gunmen generating terror in the midst of a political vacuum.

More killing seemed inevitable. The militantly Protestant Ulster Defense Association, which only two months ago pledged that it would do "all in its power" to prevent back-street murders, announced at midweek that it could no longer control Protestant extremists. The Provisional wing of the Irish Republican Army, in an angry response, threatened to meet Protestant violence

with "ruthless retaliatory action."

The renewed sequence of assassinations came as a shock to Ulstermen; since Christmas, the atmosphere in Belfast had been almost benign. British patrols had seemingly pacified the East Belfast area that had been the scene of many "sectarian" killings—the term routinely used in Ulster to describe cases where victims are murdered simply because they are Catholic or Protestant. Apparently exasperated by a delay in the publication of an anticipated British White Paper setting forth a new political structure for Northern Ireland, terrorists shifted their attack. Most of last week's shootings took place in West Belfast, where Catholic Andersonstown is separated from Protestant Donegall Road by the fast-moving M-1 motorway. Suddenly violence cropped up there as gunmen

used the motorway for an escape route.

The week's first victim was James Trainor, 22, a mechanic in a service station just off the motorway. Trainor apparently recognized the two men who drove up to his gasoline pump in a green sedan; he was hit by a fusillade of bullets as he tried to escape them. Peter Watterson, 15, was sprayed with automatic fire from a car as he stood in the doorway of his mother's candy store. Next morning, Francis Smith, 28, a former Catholic who had joined the U.D.A., was found face down in an alley near his home. The I.R.A. said that Smith's death was in retaliation for Watterson's killing.

That was only the beginning. Philip Rafferty, a Catholic youth of 14, disappeared while on his way from home to a band practice; his body, with bullet wounds in the head, was later found five miles out of Belfast. Another Catholic, Gabriel Savage, 17, was pulled from his girl friend's arms at a shop-

THE WORLD

ping center and driven off to his death. Paddy Heenan, 50, was on a bus destroyed by a grenade as it drove through a mixed neighborhood. Two gunmen entered a paint store, lined up the employees, singled out James Greer, 21, a Protestant, and shot him. Another man, hooded and shot, was discovered in a parked car.

By week's end, the death toll also included British Army Sergeant William Boardley, who was shot while setting up a check point on the motorway, and Robert Burns, 18, a Protestant. Burns was killed by machine-gun fire from a car passing a group of men who were standing outside a milk bar in Belfast's Old Park Road district.

Politicians on both sides expressed shock over what Protestant M.P. James Kilfedder described as "fiendish acts of terrorism." Outrage shifted from the I.R.A., which had been carrying out savage bombings late last year, to the U.D.A. and the savage Protestant shootings that are taking place this year. "The time for pussyfooting with the U.D.A. has now ended," fumed Catholic Parliamentary Leader John Hume. "The British government must face up to it or there will be no resolution of the Northern Ireland problem."

THE PHILIPPINES

War of Suppression

Since President Ferdinand Marcos imposed martial law last September, the Philippine armed forces have used their new powers in a struggle to suppress two guerrilla rebellions at opposite ends of the country. One has been organized by the Maoist New People's Army, with perhaps 1,500 combat cadres, operating in Isabela province on Luzon Island in the far north of the country. The other is a resistance movement among Moslems in the southern island of Mindanao and on the jewel-like tropical islands of the Sulu Archipelago. While the Maoists have been thrown on the defensive, martial law seems only to have added fuel to the resentments of the Moslems. *TIME* Correspondent David Aikman visited both fronts, and sent this report:

I boarded a chopper with a North-east Command colonel for a lightning supply and inspection visit to a forward company command post in a remote foothills *barrio* in Isabela province. As the scenery below us quickly changed from the lush lowland rice fields to the forbidding forests and gullies of the Sierra Madre highlands, the pilot climbed to 2,000 feet, respectfully out of range of Thompson submachine guns and AK-47s. Suddenly, when he spotted the tiny H-shaped landing pad, he put the chopper into a tight sinking spiral and landed in the *barrio*. The supplies were unloaded and the colonel, accompanied by two wary troopers, climbed quickly

out and up the slope to greet the company commander.

The villagers gawked and giggled at the activity, assembled en masse before the thatched huts. At first there seemed to be no sign of the troops holding the *barrio*. Only after spotting the floppy jungle hats, ubiquitous badge of counterinsurgency, could one distinguish them from the villagers. They were stripped to the waist, dangling their M-16s with that insouciance which seems universally to characterize men in jungle combat. With the chopper unloaded and the formalities exchanged, we took off again. The whole visit, one

DAVID AIKMAN



COUNTERINSURGENCY TROOPS
Better than the Viet Cong.

small episode in the campaign, had lasted less than three minutes.

Before martial law, the New People's Army controlled 33 of the 37 municipalities of Isabela province. Since the midnight-to-4 a.m. curfew was imposed last September, the army, which has about 3,000 troops in the area, estimates that the guerrillas' strength has been whittled down by more than one-third to an operational base of only 7,000.

As a brigade commander says, "We are not tied down by such niceties as habeas corpus." Perhaps the most effective measure has been forced resettlement. Within just one week of the proclamation, 53,000 peasants were simply ordered down from the Sierra Madre into the lowlands. An officer explained how the move had been accomplished. "Evacuation started immediately after martial law. We gave them a warning: just lighting a cigarette for a guerrilla is a crime. They are either for us or against us. Actually, they did not want to get caught in the crossfire." One could not help wondering what story might be told by villagers who had

been ordered out of their homes by the armed forces without notice.

On Jolo Island in the Sulu Archipelago, 800 miles to the south, our Huey raced in from the sea at treetop level. The waist gunner crouched in deadly earnest over his sights; his helmet decal read "Sacred Heart of Jesus, Bless Our Ways." The fierce Moslem Tausogs, who control two-thirds of Jolo Island, often have snipers in the coconut palms, and they are unerringly accurate at 200 yds. At Jolo airport, a Jeep sits at the runway edge as each plane takes off, watching for snipers. Despite such precautions, the rebels in Sulu shot down three government planes in the past three months.

As in the north, the 4,000 or so government troops in Mindanao and Sulu do not hesitate to treat areas of suspected enemy concentrations as free-fire zones, whether or not civilians are around. I was told by sympathizers of the Moslem rebels that 200 civilians had been killed by army and navy shelling in Jolo. Not surprisingly, there are some 40,000 evacuees in the Mindanao-Sulu area; 14,000 of them are packed into 17 refugee centers on Basilan Island.



MOSLEMS IN SOUTHERN REFUGEE CAMP

Under an amnesty issued by Marcos on Jan. 10, any guerrilla who surrenders his arms by Feb. 28 will receive safe conduct and a pardon. There is an old saying in Mindanao that a Moslem would rather part with his wife than his gun, and so far, as the army admits, not a single Moslem has taken up Marcos' offer. Meanwhile, until the amnesty on firearms expires, the army cannot conduct any offensive operations. The troops sit tight much of the day in their foxholes, rising at 4 a.m. to prepare for the dawn fusillade by Moslem snipers.

The rebels, especially the Tausogs, are fearless and skillful fighters, better



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THE WORLD

armed than the Maoists, with no shortage of machine guns. They dart through the coconut groves in twos and threes, always covering each other and ready to pick up the body and weapon of a fallen comrade. Amazingly, no prisoner has been taken on either side, and not a single enemy body found on the battlefield. Casualties, however, have been heavy in the fighting. The army admits that close to 50 soldiers have been killed (the Moslems claim the figure is much higher) and estimates enemy dead to be around 200.

For all its fierceness, the conflict seems to be governed by an almost anachronistic chivalry on both sides. Says Ground Force Commander Colonel Alfonso Alcoseba, a veteran of 13 months in Viet Nam: "These people are gentlemen on the battlefield. They don't mutilate or desecrate the dead."

AFRICA

Odd Couple at Odds

The Zambezi River is a traditional—and usually tranquil—dividing line between black-ruled and white-ruled Africa. In the past two months, however, the muddy, snaking river that separates Zambia from Rhodesia has become something of a war zone. Its banks are studded on both sides with mines, its waters are patrolled by Zambian and Rhodesian gunboats, and gunfire echoes sporadically along its 400-mile border section.

Both landlocked countries, Zambia and Rhodesia were forced into an uneasy cohabitation by economic necessity. Zambia needed Rhodesia to transport half of its copper to the Indian Ocean port of Beira in Mozambique for shipment to world markets; Rhodesia needed the \$25 million a year that the copper shipments brought its railroad in transit revenue. The arrangement—a triumph of pragmatism over politics—has now been scuttled by a series of guerrilla attacks by exiled black Rhodesian rebels who operate under an umbrella organization called FROLIZI (Front for the Liberation of Zimbabwe—the African term for Rhodesia). After a particularly bloody outburst during the Christmas holidays, Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith closed the border to Zambia.

Smith had hoped that by shutting the border and cutting road and rail links with Zambia (while leaving rail lines open for copper shipments) he could force the Zambian government to crack down on the rebels. The scheme backfired badly. Zambian President Kenneth Kaunda, who had previously given the guerrillas little encouragement, promptly stopped shipping copper through Rhodesia, a move that could mean financial disaster for the country's money-losing railroad. "History may prove it was the wrong decision," Smith conceded last week.



FROLIZI does not plan to wait for the verdict of history. In fact, if the border closure did anything, it changed a frontier to a front and encouraged the guerrillas to make ever-bolder attacks. They have already infiltrated Rhodesia through Mozambique, where there is no river barrier. In recent weeks, a score of Rhodesian and South African policemen (who help with border patrolling) have been killed or wounded. In addition, three civilians have been killed and five wounded in border areas.

Surprisingly enough, South Africa is keeping lines open to Zambia, despite the conflict, for its own pragmatic reason. South Africa does \$65 million annually in trade with Zambia (mostly in heavy mining machinery). Last month some South African businessmen, with full government knowledge, shipped vital replacement machinery directly to Zambia by air. South African government officials, meanwhile, are annoyed that Smith acted without consulting them. Grumbled Cape Town's Afrikaans daily *Die Burger*: "Mr. Smith should realize that the obligation to his friends down south is to find solutions to his existing problems, not to create new ones."

Kaunda also has something of a problem: how to export the copper, which provides 95% of Zambia's foreign exchange. For the moment at least, his difficulties seem closer to solution than Smith's diplomatic dilemma. About one-third of Zambia's copper is already being shipped through neighboring Zaire to the Angolan port of Lobito on the Benguela railroad—and more can be handled when a \$24 million modernization program is finished early next year. Other exports are being carried by a fleet of newly purchased Italian trucks along the Great North Road to Makumbako in western Tanzania, where much of it will be transhipped by rail to the Tanzanian port of Dar es Salaam (see map). When the new Chinese-built Tanzam railway running from Zambia into Tanzania is completed in 1975, it will be able to carry 30,000 tons of copper a month—

more than used to go through Rhodesia.

Last week Kaunda sought to cut off Rhodesia's final hope of recovering the revenues lost because of the copper ban. At the U.N., the Zambian delegate called for a reinforcement of the economic sanctions imposed on Rhodesian exports in 1966 when the white-minority regime illegally severed ties with Great Britain. If Zambia gets its way, and if the U.S. can be persuaded (or forced) to stop importing Rhodesia's chrome—which brought \$8,800,000 in revenues to Rhodesia last year—Smith could find the border closure as costly politically as it would be financially.

FRANCE

Bodies in Distress

There were no streetwalkers walking the streets of Marseille last week. Instead of accosting potential customers with the traditional invitation "*Tu viens, chéri?*" (Coming, darling?), the city's prostitutes were busy holding press conferences, leading demonstrations, and passing out pamphlets in support of a strike by the *filles de joie*.

The strike began three weeks ago when Marseille's new prefect of police, René Heckenroth, responded to political pressure to clean up the city by suddenly closing down the 30-old hotels where the prostitutes took their clients. With that, the girls walked off the job—but not before consulting Lawyer Emile Pollak, who told them to extend their walkout for 30 days. "On the 31st day," he warned, "you'll see what state Marseille will be in."

Meanwhile, the girls are explaining to anyone within earshot why the clandestine bordellos should be reopened. "To begin with," said a petite blonde named Paula at one press conference, "we bring business to neighborhood shopkeepers. Secondly, we succor bodies in distress. Finally, we're all mothers, you know, and you can't expect us to live on the government's family allowance."



MESSMER UNDER POMPIDOU BLOWUP

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

A Gaullist Scenario

What will President Georges Pompidou do if the Gaullists win next month's parliamentary elections? According to one highly imaginative scenario that political observers in Paris are currently debating, his first step will be to sack lackluster Premier Pierre Messmer, 56, and appoint in his stead Minister of Finance Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, 47. As it happens, the suave, non-Gaullist Giscard is regarded as Pompidou's arch rival for the 1976 presidential elections. Last week he came in a close second to former Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas in a nationwide popularity poll.

On the surface, appointing Giscard to France's No. 2 job might seem like political masochism—but wait. According to the script, Pompidou, 61, would not wait for the 1976 elections, when Giscard would be a more potent threat. After naming his new Premier, Pompidou would promptly resign, ask the country for a vote of confidence and get himself re-elected before the left-wing opposition has a chance to catch its breath. *Voilà!* Another seven-year term in the Elysée Palace—if the voters go along with the scenario.

What Makes Golda Run?

Publicly and privately, Golda Meir, 74, has long insisted that she does not want another term as Premier of Israel. Her decision to name her principal political adviser, Simcha Dinitz, as Ambassador to Washington underscored that insistence. Dinitz's appointment

last November, which was opposed by Foreign Minister Abba Eban, was seen as an end-of-term gift to a loyal aide.

Now signs are pointing the other way. Mrs. Meir has offered Dinitz's former job as director general of the Prime Minister's office to Mordechai Gazit, who was her chief political adviser when she was Foreign Minister. Observers in Jerusalem, moreover, can think of at least three reasons why Golda would want to run again. One is that she is in generally good health and would have nothing to keep her busy if she retires. Another is that Mrs. Meir feels that only she can talk firmly to President Nixon during what may turn out to be a year of decision in the Middle East. Finally, she wants to forestall a bitter battle for the succession that might tumble Israel's tenuous governing coalition. Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir, her choice, is the Labor Party kingmaker but has no voter popularity; if she turned over the job to him midway through her next term, Sapir could make a reputation in office.

"Only God or Nixon can keep Golda from running again," argued one Israeli politician last week. "God, for obvious reasons; Nixon, by suddenly forcing Israel to withdraw completely from the occupied territories."

Broiling the Yanquis

Special sessions of the United Nations Security Council outside of its Manhattan headquarters are not exactly routine. But a meeting to be held in March, which will consider measures for "strengthening international peace and security," is causing even more of a stir than usual. The reason is that at the request of Panama, the council meeting will be held in Panama City—a choice of site that has angered the Nixon Administration.

Most of the session will be devoted to broiling the *Yanquis*. Panama, for instance, will presumably air its longstanding demand for a new and more equitable Canal Zone treaty from the U.S. Last month, Panama's U.N. Ambassador Aquilino Boyd labeled the zone "a colonialist enclave," and charged that the U.S. had made it a "hotbed of international tension." Other Latin American countries are expected to press for international acceptance of a 200-mile offshore limit for a coastal nation's fishing rights—a move hotly opposed by the U.S. Peru, Ecuador, Chile and Colombia will undoubtedly lobby for a formal statement deploring the exploitation of the continent's natural resources by U.S. firms.

If nothing else, the Panama City session will probably worsen the U.N.'s already low standing with the White House and Congress. "If any Congressman had doubts about the wisdom of cutting back contributions to the U.N.," says one State Department official, "the vote approving the Panama session dashed them."

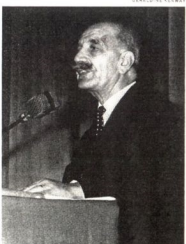
General v. Archbishop

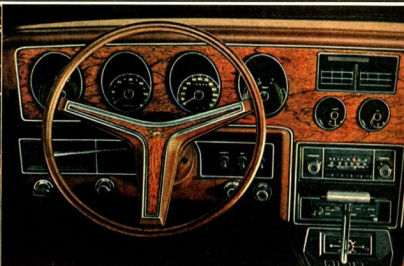
In some ways, recent events on Cyprus have been reminiscent of the EOKA underground revolt of 1955, when General George Grivas led Greek Cypriot fighters in a struggle for *enosis*, or union with Greece. Bomb explosions have rocked the cities of Nicosia, Limassol and Paphos, police have used tear gas to disperse rioting pro-*enosis* students, and armed followers of the general have staged daring raids to obtain weapons and explosives. The big difference is that 17 years ago, Grivas' target was the British occupying power. Today it is his former ally, Archbishop Makarios, President of independent Cyprus.

The new wave of terrorism, government sources claim, is aimed at the presidential elections set for Feb. 18. The 74-year-old general, who secretly slipped back onto the island in 1971 after several years of exile in Greece, would like to bring down the Makarios government and place the island under Greek control. The two men have been implacable enemies since 1959, when Makarios, who once favored *enosis*, agreed to a compromise whereby Cyprus would become independent on the condition that it protect the rights of the island's Turkish minority.

Grivas still rejects that formula. But he also refuses to run against Makarios for the presidency—and with good reason. Five years ago, the Archbishop was elected for his second five-year term with 95% of the vote. He is expected to do as well in the coming election. In fact, if no opposition candidate is named by Feb. 8, Makarios will automatically be proclaimed re-elected.

Until now, Makarios has been reluctant to move against his former ally, but that may have to change. "Unless Makarios and Grivas settle their differences," observed the island's oldest newspaper, *Eleftheria*, "the island may be plunged into civil war at any moment."

GRIVAS ADDRESSING STUDENTS (1971)
Reasons not to run.



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PEOPLE

LEONARD DE BAKEY—GAMMA



ROGER VADIM & BRIGITTE BARDOT TOGETHER AGAIN

Brigitte Bardot as Don Juan? Why not? La Bardot, 38, in one of the most eye-raising pieces of casting since Sarah Bernhardt took on Hamlet, plays Don Juan as a dancer-turned-impresario whose chief occupation is ruining men of all ages. For the soon-to-be-released film, Director Roger Vadim did quite a job on his former wife: he got her to switch the color of her hair from blonde to brunette and "she even succeeded in changing her childish voice." Fortunately, he left the rest intact.

Settled in a \$7.20-a-week cottage, W.H. Auden called his old college town "sheer hell." Only four months ago, the 65-year-old poet escaped from New York to spend his last years quietly at his Oxford alma mater. Imagine his surprise to find the town of Oxford "five times as crowded and the noise of the traffic six times louder." And that isn't all. Auden recently had \$117 stolen from him. Sighed he: "Ironically, I had to leave New York and come to Oxford to get robbed." After his comments kicked up a transatlantic furor, Auden, anxious to regain some measure of privacy, hastened to add, "I have a nice little nook in college, so why should I complain?"

Comedian Dick Gregory is not about to agree that the war in Viet Nam is over. Nearly two years ago, Gregory vowed that he would stop eating solid food and run ten miles a day as a protest against the fighting. Now down to 96 lbs. (from 170 lbs.), Gregory says he will continue his fast because "we're still at war. We're providing the ammunition and the supplies, and we're still bombing Laos." Some day he hopes to get back on a regular diet, says Gregory, and then he won't care who gets into a scrape or where: "I wouldn't give up eating again if they were fighting in my own house."



DICK & LIZ NOT SO TOGETHER

Behaving more like a fearless cowhand than a member of royalty, Princess Anne, 22, did not hesitate when a fellow huntsman tumbled off his horse. "Leave the horse to me!" she shouted, then overtook the runaway on her own bay gelding, swung low in the saddle and grabbed the horse's reins to bring it to a halt. Later in the Cheshire Hunt, another rider fell: "The princess jumped over me and went straight after the horse," the fallen rider recalled. "She did very well to catch him. Afterward she said to me, 'You were very lucky. I nearly landed on you.'"

For a sentimental movie fan it seemed something like a nightmare: Liz and Dick Burton were getting a divorce in public—and on TV at that. No fear. The TV split was for one of ABC's quickie nighttime movies, *Divorce: His—Divorce: Hers*. It was the Burtons' twelfth flick together since it all began on the set of *Cleopatra* eleven years ago. Stories from the set made it clear that the Burtons had considerable trouble sticking to the soapy script, with such forgettable lines by jilted wife Liz as, "You'll never be able to give as much of your sheer presence as I find necessary."

Stamped in recent years by voracious freeloaders, the New York Film Critics decided to make their awards ceremony strictly a private affair. The bash at Sardi's was closed to reporters and all but a few pressagents and publicists. The critics did relent enough to let in the winners and their stand-ins, like John Gielgud, who collected the Best Actor's prize for Laurence Olivier (*Sleuth*). Liv Ullmann not only grabbed the prize as Best Actress (*Cries and Whispers*) but picked up three awards for her director Ingmar Bergman (Best Director, Screenplay and Picture awards for *Cries and Whispers*).



LIV ULLMANN & JOHN GIELGUD TOGETHER FOR BERGMAN & OLIVIER

THE PRESS

Farewell to the Follies

The cease-fire has been bullet-riddled, and the U.S. withdrawal was far from complete last week. But there was one sure sign of vanishing American involvement: the daily military press briefing, an eight-year-old Saigon spectacle known as the 5 O'Clock Follies, had its final performance with an American cast. Army Major Jere Forbus, the last Follies star, sighed, "Well, we may not have been perfect, but we outlasted *Fiddler on the Roof*." The Associated Press Saigon bureau chief, Richard Pyle, was less benign but more accurate when he called the briefings "the longest-playing tragicomedy in Southeast Asia's theater of the absurd."

The briefings were originally designed to give reporters clear, concise

newsmen boycotted the Follies. Explains Keyes Beech of the Chicago *Daily News*: "They seldom bore any resemblance whatever to the facts in the field." On March 16, 1968, a mimeographed release included this passage: "In an action today, Americal Division forces killed 128 enemy near Quang Ngai City. Helicopter gunships and artillery missions supported the ground elements throughout the day." Thus did the Follies announce the infamous action at My Lai.

Fortunately for the newsmen—and for their audiences back home—the Follies represented only one aspect of official press policy. Veteran Viet Nam reporters agree that almost everything distorted or left unsaid at the Follies was readily obtainable in the field. More important, the U.S. military was usually

conditions are becoming more difficult. Credentials are being issued for only limited periods and are lifted at the slightest provocation. After an argument with a Vietnamese province chief last week, Craig Whitney of the New York *Times* and Peter Onos of the Washington *Post* had to watch as their tires were shot out and their film was exposed.

Covering "peace," in other words, can be as difficult as following the fighting. At Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines, where some members of the Saigon press corps and other newsmen gathered to wait for the P.O.W. flights from Hanoi, a cadre of 55 military press officers descended on the base with orders to keep P.O.W.s and reporters apart. Afternoon briefings—quickly dubbed the 2 O'Clock Follies—were begun, as one officer explained, "to provide the press with a time to air their complaints." Finding this outlet insufficient, A.P. Reporter Peter Arnett filed a story outlining the perfumed and powdered care that base nurses planned to lavish on the P.O.W.s. Fearing howls of outrage from P.O.W. wives, the Pentagon hastily dispatched two high-level press officers to negotiate a cease-fire with the press.

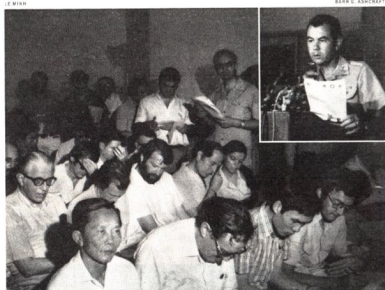
CBS and Colonel Herbert

When Lieut. Colonel Anthony Herbert started his war with the Army two years ago, he found a receptive audience among newsmen and the general public. It was the time of the My Lai trials, and the military was being subjected to a barrage of bad publicity. Herbert was a much-decorated professional officer whom the Army had lionized. His charges that superiors had ignored his reports of atrocities and were hounding him out of the service because of his accusations seemed highly credible. Dissenting voices (*TIME*, Nov. 22, 1971) received relatively little attention.

Now CBS, on its *60 Minutes* show last Sunday, has taken a new and critical look at the Herbert case. As Correspondent Mike Wallace recounted the story, neither Herbert nor the press came out a winner. Wallace repeatedly challenged Herbert's veracity—occasionally to his face—and poked holes in the retired officer's new book, *Soldier* (see Books). Under Wallace's tough questioning, Herbert refused to reveal whether he had "documents" pertaining to his atrocity charges.

Longest Items. Much of the digging had been done by Producer Barry Lando, who worked intermittently on the Herbert story for more than a year, interviewing scores of sources in the U.S., Viet Nam, Thailand and Germany. As a result, *60 Minutes* devoted half the program to the Herbert story—more time than it has ever given to one item. Among the specific points raised:

► Herbert said that on Feb. 14, 1969, he witnessed the murder of five Vietnamese by South Vietnamese po-



MAJOR JERE FORBUS (INSET) & CORRESPONDENTS AT LAST BRIEFING IN SAIGON
Unintended burlesques in a tragic theater of the absurd.

summaries of widely scattered action. They grew out of casual sessions started by Barry Zorthian, a former Vice of America official, after he became head of press relations in the U.S. mission in Viet Nam. Now a Time Inc. vice president, Zorthian recalls that until he arrived on the scene, there had been no regular briefings. Gradually the 5 O'Clock Follies evolved into a strange show that satisfied no one. "The military instinct," says Zorthian, "was always to provide less rather than more. Many times the information we gave out was incomplete. Or else it was too early for us to be sure of its accuracy."

Partly as a result of reporters' demands for precision, briefers began to deal in body counts and other statistics that eventually proved to be of dubious value. As time passed, most enterprising

willing to transport reporters to the action. Says Don Wise of the London *Daily Mirror*: "You were taken wherever you wanted to go, to see whatever you wanted to see." Horst Faas, who won two Pulitzer Prizes as an A.P. photographer, agrees that it was easier to cover the war than to cover less violent stories in parts of Europe. "Because the Americans made it so easy to get around," he explains, "it was easy to get killed. That's why so many died—freedom of the press." A total of 55 newsmen are missing or dead in Indochina, and many others have been wounded.

Faas, who says that he is determined not "to step on that last land mine," points out that it is still easy to get killed. Last week two television newsmen were wounded. With the South Vietnamese now in full control of press regulations,

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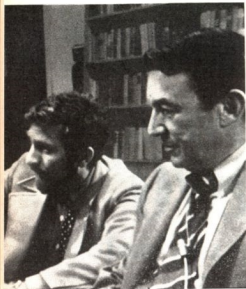
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"60 MINUTES": Lando & Wallace
Raising some doubts.

lice under the control of a U.S. lieutenant. He claims to have reported this incident to Colonel J. Ross Franklin, deputy commander of his brigade, twice from the field and again in person later the same day. Franklin, he says, then called him a liar. Then *60 Minutes* produced Franklin's canceled check of Feb. 14 to the Ilikai Hotel in Honolulu; the check and the hotel register show that Franklin could not have been in Viet Nam until the following day. Herbert stuck by his story: "I know what I saw. I know what I did."

► In his book, written with New York Times Reporter James T. Wooten, Herbert described how Major James Grimshaw, then a company commander, coaxed a group of suspected Viet Cong out of a cave, adding that he had recommended Grimshaw for a Silver Star never awarded by the Army. Grimshaw told Wallace that the incident had not occurred and that Herbert had never recommended him for a medal. In the program's most dramatic sequence, Grimshaw appeared in a New York studio to deny—in Herbert's presence—the charge that the Army had ordered him to discredit the book.

► As a senior legal officer, Colonel John Douglass was the man to whom Herbert first complained after Major General John Barnes relieved him of battalion command on April 4, 1969. Douglass categorically denied Herbert's version of their conversation. According to Herbert, he spoke at length to Douglass and told him about the atrocities. Douglass said that it was a short meeting with no mention of bloodshed. "Why haven't you said this up to now?" Wallace asked incredulously. "Nobody's asked me," replied Douglass.

The program undermines Herbert's credibility without supporting the Army's. During his 58-day battalion

command, Herbert earned a Silver and three Bronze Stars and was about to be recommended for a Distinguished Service Cross. Then he was abruptly relieved of his job. The explanation Barnes offered Wallace—that Herbert lied about enemy casualties and was a "killer"—seemed lame. Not surprisingly, *60 Minutes* endorsed Herbert's request that the Army make public all records of hearings and investigations related to his case.

Pulling Anderson's Leg

In the continuing conflict between the Nixon Administration and the press, Columnist Jack Anderson and his trio of legmen have employed the boldest and, in Government eyes, the most outrageous guerrilla tactics. Secret memos, classified documents, off-the-record exchanges—all have found their way into Anderson's hands and columns (*TIME* cover, April 3). Countering with some cloak-and-dagger work of its own, the FBI last week arrested one of Anderson's men while he was loading stolen documents into his car.

The FBI, long a favorite Anderson target, had been tipped off that Reporter Les Whitten, 44, was to receive some documents taken from the Bureau of Indian Affairs last November, when more than 600 Indians occupied and ransacked the BIA's headquarters. Sure enough, Whitten's yellow Vega was parked in front of the northwest Washington apartment of Hank Adams, 29, a leader of the Indian coalition whose November caravan to the capital led to the BIA occupation. As Whitten placed a document-filled cardboard box on the sidewalk, three FBI agents handcuffed him and charged him with receiving and possessing stolen Government property. Four Indians, including Adams, were also taken into custody.

Released eight hours later, Whitten insisted that he had received the material for the sole purpose of carting it back to the BIA. He claimed that Adams, who has no car, had phoned him that morning. Whitten offered to help return a load of the purloined papers; on the box found in his possession, Whitten had, in fact, written the name of FBI Agent Dennis Hyten. "I wanted to get an exclusive as he [Adams] turned them in," Whitten said. "I came out a little more exclusively than I anticipated."

Whether the case will become another test of newsmen's rights under the First Amendment was unclear. Anderson and Whitten have obviously had access to BIA material for some time; eight columns in December were based on such papers. Technically, however, access and publication are not at issue; the legal question involves only receipt and possession of the stolen documents. The maximum penalty is ten years in prison and a \$10,000 fine. When asked if his arrest might have a "chilling effect" on First Amendment rights, Whitten quipped: "It was personally chilled." An-

derson's response was warmer. He charged that the FBI has been following and harassing his staff. "All of us are ready to join Les Whitten in jail if we must," he said, "before we stop digging out and reporting the news."

Cub Columnist

With Administration critics like James Reston, Tom Wicker and Anthony Lewis in residence, the Op-Ed page of the New York Times is hardly regarded as congenial reading in the White House. Beginning in April, however, at least two editions a week will seem friendlier. That is when Nixon Speechwriter William Safire leaves the President's house to become a *Times* columnist. Safire, 43, was a successful public relations man before joining the Government four years ago. "People know I'm a Nixon man," he says. "I always have been. I guess that makes me a centrist, or just to the right of center." In a relatively humorless Administration, Safire stands out as a wit and phrasemaker. He wrote *The New Language of Politics*, a droll political lexicon, and is credited with coining the Agnewism "nattering nabobs of negativism."

James Brady, who broke the story in his New York magazine gossip column, reported that *Times* Publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger had been pressured by relatives to acquire some Republican counterweight. As Brady told it, Sulzberger's cousin, Editorial Page Editor John B. Oakes, was angry over the top-level interference (Oakes denied it). The principals would not comment on the report that Safire would be making \$55,000 a year—a lot of money for a cub columnist. Quips Safire: "I'm going from one organization to another, and both are equally leaky."



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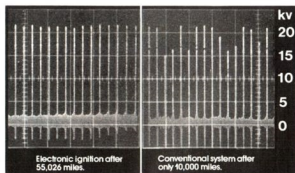
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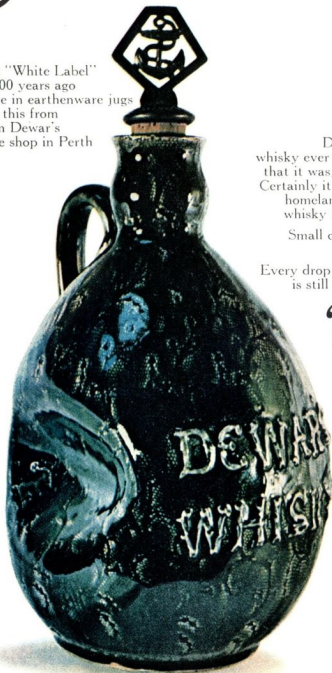


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Who Shut the Heat Off?

Schools closed in Denver, factories clanked to a halt in Des Moines, air-quality laws were waived in Boston—all because of a critical shortage of clean fuel oil. As the impact of the U.S. energy crisis became more severe last week, the search for scapegoats became more strident. Earl L. Butz, Secretary of Agriculture, wasted no time in singling out the villains: "The first people to have their power shut off should be those who blocked the Alaska pipeline." Butz was blaming environmentalists.

The Mobil Oil Corp. agreed. It took large ads in major U.S. newspapers charging that "lawsuits and regulations stemming from exaggerated environmental fears" stymied construction of new refineries. Mobil also largely blamed environmentalists for stalling exploration for new offshore oil reserves and the fuel crisis in general.

Environmental activists are indeed responsible for blocking some oil-industry efforts, but the fuel shortage is not that easily explained. Even if construction of the Alaska pipeline had started in 1970, the project would not yet be finished. Similarly, one environmental lawsuit stalled the Interior Department's plans to lease drilling rights off the Gulf Coast, for a total of nine months. But it takes about three years for finds in an established field to come into full production, hardly time enough to avert this winter's shortages.

It is true enough that no new refineries have been built in the eastern U.S. since 1959, and that those proposed in Maine and Delaware were turned down mainly because the states feared oil spills from supertankers and pollution from the refineries. But the major reason for the lack of new U.S. refineries is economic. New facilities have been attracted to the Caribbean islands by special incentives, low labor and construction costs and U.S. laws favor production of heavy industrial oil.

Extra Gasoline. Nonetheless, the widespread demand for a cleaner environment has surely played a role in the fuel crunch. The Clean Air Amendments of 1970, which Congress passed overwhelmingly, require that new cars come equipped with complicated anti-pollution devices. As a result, new autos get significantly less mileage per gallon of gasoline. With more and more cars on the roads, the oil refiners have had to produce an extra 300,000 bbl. of gasoline per day—thereby diverting production from fuel oil. In addition, many states and cities have enacted their own tough laws to clean up the air. To comply, electric utilities and industries have switched from dirty coal to low-sulfur oil or natural gas. The switch has put new demands on clean-fuel supplies.

The fact is that the blame for the

shortage is widespread. Indeed, General George A. Lincoln, director of the Office of Emergency Preparedness (now being dismantled because of President Nixon's budget cuts), believes that a confluence of extraordinary circumstances has caused the immediate crunch: the unexpected need for transport to move grain to ports for shipment to the U.S.S.R., the wet autumn which has required artificial drying of millions of tons of grain, the unseasonably cold weather in the Midwestern and Plains states. "You cannot expect the Government systems to be prepared for all this without creaking," says Lincoln.

Beyond that, he notes, prices were frozen in August 1971, when fuel-oil prices were at a seasonal low and gasoline prices at a seasonal high. This "low-price incentives" to produce fuel oil, says Ray Wright, marketing director of the American Petroleum Institute, since it was a time when demand for gasoline was unexpectedly high. The supply imbalance that resulted became apparent last November: fuel reserves were about 31 million bbl. below the levels of 1971.

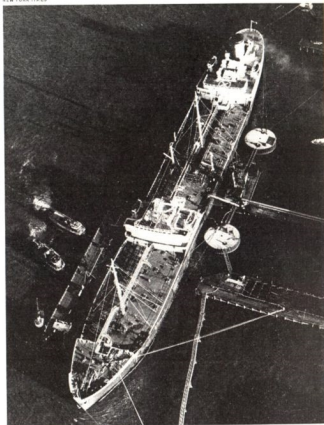
Alarmed, Washington asked the refineries to boost fuel-oil production. But, Lincoln says, they "continued their gasoline binge and did not push to replace inventories as expected." The industry replies that it is now producing as much fuel oil as possible.

S. David Freeman, former energy adviser to President Nixon and now head of a Ford Foundation study on energy, puts the blame squarely on the White House. "This winter's so-called 'energy crisis' was manufactured right here in Washington," Freeman says. In his eyes, the real problem stems from the Administration's refusal to remove foreign-oil quotas, which were designed to protect domestic producers in 1959. Though the President's own Cabinet task force recommended lifting the quotas in 1970, Nixon did not act. The oil industry and oil-producing states like Texas and California strongly opposed any relaxation of quotas, arguing that the U.S. balance of payments position and national security would be endangered by heavy dependence on Middle Eastern and other oil-exporting countries. Moreover, the public seemed apathetic about the is-

sue at the time, and, says Freeman, "in an election year hard decisions tend not to be made."

They cannot be avoided much longer. President Nixon has already suspended oil quotas on light heating fuel until April. After that? There is no shortage of suggestions. Environmentalists urge dropping the quotas entirely, which means, ironically, that they might have to modify their opposition to both supertankers and new refineries. The oil industry generally recommends that the quotas be kept and domestic production boosted, mainly by hiking oil prices and encouraging more exploration. Many key Congressmen are be-

NEW YORK TIMES



THE TANKER "VITA" UNLOADING OIL AT NEW YORK CITY
In a complicated situation, widespread blame.

ginning to favor a new, flexible quota system to allow increased imports when necessary; in addition, Washington Senator Henry M. Jackson last week said he would introduce a bill to require the Government to devise national fuel-rationing plans that would go into effect "in critical periods of shortage." The President's own answer will come in his special "Energy Message" to Congress later this winter. None of the solutions are likely to blame environmentalism as a cause of the fuel shortage. What the quest for scapegoats has done is to show how extraordinarily complex the business of meeting the nation's energy needs really is.

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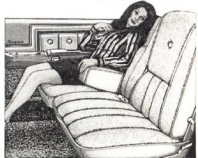


Options shown on LTD Brougham include power-operated Sunroof, WSW steel-belted radial ply tires, remote control right-hand mirror, front cornering lamps, deluxe bumper group, deluxe wheel covers and vinyl top. Options shown on the Ford Galaxie 500 include white sidewall tires, deluxe bumper group, vinyl insert bodyside molding, wheel covers, rocker panel molding, vinyl roof and Power Mini-vent Windows.

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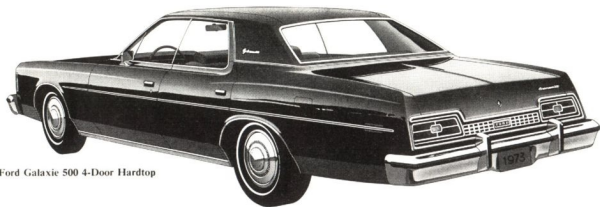


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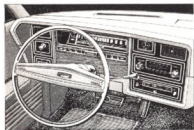
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The Last Salon

Traditionally, the Whitney Annual has been the *Reader's Digest* of art: a rendered-down sample of the vast range of gallery shows by living American artists. As such it has always been invaluable. There has never been any real pretense that the professional staff of New York's Whitney Museum, who choose the artists, were "objective." Every decision is an act of taste, and so the Whitney's display—now changed to a biannual, of both painting and sculpture, with 229 works by as many artists packed into four floors of the museum—is eagerly watched for trend tips.

This year there are almost no generalizations to be made. The Biannual is more ecumenical than its predecessors. It reflects the plurality—and the frequent triviality—of options in American art since the collapse of the formalist hegemony. It is long on funk and surrealist inspiration. Despite the presence of august names like Motherwell, Frankenthaler and Stella, it is short on what, a few years ago, New York called the "mainstream." For a degree of personal quirkiness has returned to advanced art. It has been the Whitney's aim to dispel the *grande illusion* of formalist criticism in the '60s—that the manifest destiny of "good" painting was to be flat.

The weakest pictures in the Biannual are, on the whole, the most explicitly formal ones. Purity has become one of the attributes of highly professional blandness, deftly registered but gone limp and sleek. That at least is an understandable conclusion after looking at Kenneth Noland's *Sun Bouquet* or almost any of the color-field paintings in the show (a splendid exception being Milton Resnick's *Pink Fire*).

The Biannual still adheres to the general categories of painting and sculpture. Body art and conceptual art are absent, and one may identify this bias without necessarily lamenting it. There are several video pieces, the most interesting of which is Peter Campus' *Kiva*—a camera with small mirrors hung as a mobile in front of its lens, so that the screen picks up the image of the gallery and its viewers mysteriously split and shifting, at random.

Deadpan. Where the selection falls shortest is in its treatment of realist painting—especially the garish, deadpan, air-brush realism which has been so assiduously promoted of late. From this Biannual, one might suppose it hardly exists. It seems odd, for instance, that any committee could make a survey of recent American painting and exclude the huge, photographically detailed portrait heads of Chuck Close (TIME, Jan. 31, 1972) for which imbecilities like Tom Wesselmann's giant baby are no substitute.

Still, there is one masterpiece among the Whitney's figurative paintings, and one grandiose failure. The former is Joseph Raffael's *Landscape*, a broad view of a bay and glacier, framed by forest leaves, painted at a dazzling pitch of poetic intensity. Every mottle of autumnal color, each crystalline edge of blue within the ice caves, displays its being with the fictive absoluteness of a mescaline vision: there can hardly be a living painter who can transcend reality more effectively by going inside it than Raffael. The Big Bomb is Alfred Leslie's history painting (there is no other term for it), about the American poet who died in a car accident on the beach at Fire Island seven years ago: *The Killing of Frank O'Hara*. Leslie, an artist of enormous gusto and visual digestion,

launched into a kind of secular pietà. It deliberately invokes comparisons with David—specifically, the *Death of Marat*—and with Caravaggio's night pieces. Unfortunately, it cannot sustain them (the drawing is too labored for that, the modeling of the strained muscles inert), but what other American artist would have the nerve to present himself in such a contest?

The choice of sculpture is mostly boring, although given the decayed state of American sculpture, this is no surprise. But there are exceptions to the triteness of the hardware, among them being Clement Meadmore's small *Derivish*, a square tube of black steel twisting upon itself with slow, impulsive energy; a thicket of marble cylinders by Louise Bourgeois; and a delicately erotic wall piece of pink latex flaps and membranes by Hannah Wilke.

In sum, the Biannual can exasperate its public with its "directionless" diversity or seduce it by sheer profusion of choice; it is the last salon in America and ought not be missed. ■ Robert Hughes

As Others Saw Us

When San Furanshisako Saburyusa, as the Japanese called the Spanish Jesuit missionary Francis Xavier, landed at Kagoshima in 1549, he was not quite the first Westerner to enter Japan. But the Portuguese merchants who had arrived before him were viewed with well-bred distaste by the Japanese. What could one make of such odd-colored, hairy, round-eyed barbarians? "I do not know whether they have a proper system of ceremonial etiquette," one Oriental lord wrote of the *Namban-jin*, or "people from the south." "They eat with their fingers instead of chopsticks as we do. They show their feelings without any self-control...but withal they are a harmless sort of people."

The missionaries were more recognizable, being priests (albeit of an odd religion), scholars and men of action. In the next 90 years, Occidentals got a precarious foothold in traditional Japan; they were expelled in the 17th century and did not return for two centuries, until Commodore Perry's expedition in 1853. How did the Japanese see us, as we gingerly landed from our exotic vessels? Such is the theme of two delightful exhibitions: "Namban Art" at Manhattan's Japan Society and, as a footnote, "Foreigners in Japan," a show of 19th century Yokohama prints at the Philadelphia Museum.

Europe had its fashions in things Oriental: *chinoiserie* in the 18th century, Japanese screens and lacquer at the end of the 19th. But the *Namban-ga*, or "paintings of the southern barbarians" (the route from Europe lay round India, to the south), are a rare example of such a vogue in reverse. The very fact that, by the early 17th century, some feudal lord had commissioned a *World Map and Four Major Cities of the World* (see color), painted



RAFFAEL (CENTER), WESSELMANN (RIGHT) & FLOOR SCULPTURE AT WHITNEY
Directionless diversity and sheer profusion of choice.



KING CITY MUSEUM OF NAMBAN ART

"A Western Prince on Horseback," 16th-17th century.



KING CITY MUSEUM OF NAMBAN ART

"Rome," from "Four Major Cities of the World": 17th century.

"Namban People Arriving in Japan," late 16th century.



KAWAOKA KUNISADA (1792-1842)



Oju Hiroshige, 1860: "An American Woman on Horseback in the Snow."

ART

on twin eight-fold screens, is significant; his ancestors would not even have been curious, confidently locked as they were in the isolation of Japan. A world map represented as great a jump in thought for Japan as the first photo of the earth from space did to us. The Japanese artist who painted the *Four Major Cities* had never been to Europe, but he had access to an engraved view of Rome in a book published in Cologne in 1572. Though he turned the Alban Hills into something like the landscape around Kyoto, he faithfully retained the details—and mistakes—of the original, itself probably drawn by a man who had never been to Rome either. European engravers, in fact, provided a constant flow of information for Japanese painters of *Namban-ga*. The demand among the castle lords for paintings like *A Western Prince on Horseback* stemmed partly from the princes' recognizably military splendors; these gorgeously caparisoned Western samurai must have fitted the opulence of the Momoyama period's taste down to the last tassel and square foot of gold leaf.

Cherubs. The Christian missions founded by Xavier and others flourished in Japan (there were 300,000 converts by 1600, and religion and trade were inseparable) until the priests' meddling in Japanese political life enraged the Tokugawa government and persecutions began in 1612. In 1637, a rebellion of Christian peasants was crushed, 37,000 of them were killed, and Christianity was extinct—along with all further contact with the West. Most Namban religious art also perished, except for some rare tea bowls decorated with the cross or an occasional lacquer pyx. Such devotional paintings as survive are poor—routine ecclesiastical art, whose only interest is that its Sacred Hearts and puffy cherubs were done by Japanese, not Neapolitan hacks. But in its genre scenes, Namban art excelled. It seems that the 16th and 17th century artists were better observers than their 19th century successors. Hiroshige's *American Woman on Horseback in the Snow*, in Philadelphia, is the vaguest generalization probably based on a garbled story he had heard about Red Indian squaws; its charm is inaccuracy. But when an artist of the Kano school (1543-90) produced the magnificent screens of Namban traders arriving in Japan that the Imperial Household Collection lent to New York's show, he took great care with detail: the cloaks, the baggy pantaloons, the rakish curly-brim hats, the mustaches and the grotesquely long noses of the foreign barbarians are meticulously set down. To us, it looks like caricature at first. To the lord Tokugawa, who is believed to have commissioned it, it almost certainly did not. The foreigners may be odd, but they are dignified; the screen is full of the charitable assumption that, despite their quaint and bristly appearance, Occidentals are human too.

■ R.H.



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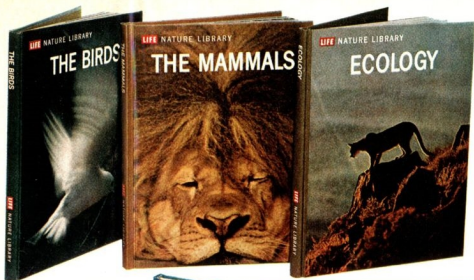
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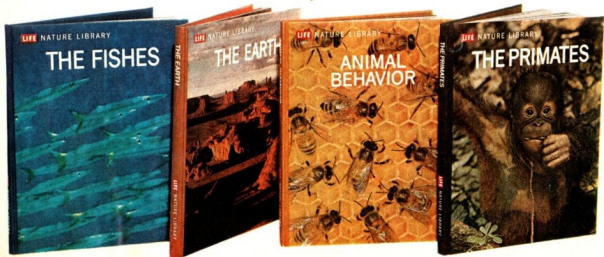
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New Red Hats

In a sudden but not unexpected move last week, Pope Paul VI named 30 new cardinals whom he will elevate to the office in a special consistory March 5. The new Roman Catholic princes will bring the number in the College of Cardinals to a record high of 145. Three of the new cardinals are Americans: Archbishop Luis Aponte Martínez, 50, of San Juan—the first Puerto Rican cardinal ever; Archbishop Humberto S. Medeiros, 57, of Boston; and Archbishop Timothy Manning, 63, of Los Angeles. The new appointments

Los Angeles are by now traditional sees for U.S. cardinals, and Archbishops Medeiros and Manning were considered shoo-ins for the red hat. Medeiros, who was born Portuguese in the Azores, came to the U.S. at the age of 15. When he was Bishop of Brownsville, Texas, he often traveled with migrant farm workers and joined their battle for better wages. Since his accession in Boston in 1970, he has aligned himself with Boston's poor as well, assailing suburban Catholics for their failure to aid the inner city. A critic of the Viet Nam War, he condemned the bombing of Hanoi in his Christmas morning sermon.



HUMBERTO MEDEIROS

TIMOTHY MANNING

LUIS APONTE MARTINEZ

Some firsts but few surprises to take up the papal electoral slack.

take up the electoral slack left in the college when Pope Paul decreed that cardinals over 80 may not vote in papal elections. Twenty-nine of the present cardinals are past that age.

The appointments include a number of other firsts: the first Polynesian (Bishop Pius Taofinu'u, 49, of Apia, Western Samoa), the first Kenyan (Archbishop Maurice Otunga, 50, of Nairobi), the first from the Congo Republic (Archbishop Emile Biayenda, 45, of Brazzaville). But the Pope did not "internationalize" the college as much as some progressives had hoped he might. Eight Italians are among the appointees, bringing the total number of Italian cardinals to 41. France follows with 13, the U.S. with twelve, an all-time high. France, Spain, Australia and Brazil each got two new cardinals, and there was one each for Germany, Portugal, Pakistan, Colombia, Poland, Argentina, Mexico and Japan. The Polish nominee—Archbishop Boleslaw Kominek, 67, of Wroclaw—brings the number of Polish cardinals to three, a sign of the Vatican's appreciation of Polish Catholics' devotion.

At least two of the three new U.S. cardinals were no surprise. Boston and

Manning, born in Ireland, is a traditionalist who insists on the need for ecclesiastical authority. But he wields it much more gently than his predecessor, James Francis Cardinal McIntyre. Manning has cooled off the disputatious Los Angeles archdiocese by visiting widely among its parishes, supporting its large Mexican-American community and listening patiently to suggestions from his priests.

Puerto Rico's new cardinal, Luis Aponte Martínez, is the son of a poor mountain-country couple, the eighth of 18 children. Archbishop of San Juan since 1964, he is an amiable, moderate conservative who often puts in a 16-hour day but stays out of the island's political battles. One name was notably missing from the five other Latin Americans to get red hats: Brazil's famed prelate of the poor, Dom Helder Pessoa Câmara, Archbishop of Olinda and Recife. But Dom Helder did not go unrewarded. The same day the papal list became public, he was chosen for an honor of a different kind. For his work in behalf of social justice and peaceful change in Brazil, nine members of the Swedish Parliament nominated Dom Helder for the Nobel Peace Prize.

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TELEVISION

Some Ado About Quite a Lot

One of Producer Joseph Papp's fondest boasts is that he can bring Shakespeare to TV—and make people love it. Television needs more such boosters. Last week, in the first of a series of plays his New York Shakespeare Festival is producing for CBS, Papp scored a clear triumph.

Much Ado About Nothing is, in the words of Bernard Shaw, "perhaps the most dangerous actor-manager trap in the Shakespearean repertory." It is a comedy wrapped around a tragedy; it demands directors and actors who can be both funny and serious. Yet it can also be—as this brilliant TV version of the current Broadway production demonstrated—a dazzling reward for actor, manager and audience alike.

Set with happy incongruity in Teddy Roosevelt's America, this *Much Ado* was all gingerbread and gingham. Benedick smoked cigars, wore a boater and, as he is played by Sam Waterston, looked like a dyspeptic basset hound. Beatrice (Kathleen Widdoes) was a budding suffragette who matched wits and, finally, lovers' wiles with Benedick. Contrasted to their japey was the hearts-and-flowers romance of Claudio (Glenn Walken) and Hero (April Shawhan), who came by love easily—and lost it just as easily.

As presented by Director A.J. Antoon, the play proved ideal for the small screen. Indeed, the incessant eavesdropping made for intimate scenes of discovered emotion while the plotting was as easy to follow as *Mission: Impossible*. With telling closeups, like Fabergé-crafted, peekaboo Easter eggs, Antoon created an almost three-dimensional illusion of depth. Like the Fabergé egg itself, this *Much Ado* was a jewel.

■ Gerald Clarke

WATERSTON & WIDDOES IN "MUCH ADO"



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More often than not, U.S. judges are magisterial black-robed referees who leave the legal combat to the attorneys appearing before them. Sometimes, however, they join the fray, as in the just-completed Watergate trial in Washington, where both prosecution and defense seemed so reluctant to mix it up that Judge John J. Sirica was moved to do his own questioning (*see* **THE NATION**). In the Pentagon papers trial in Los Angeles, it is Judge William Matthew Byrne Jr. who has been forced into taking on both sides.

Unlike the Watergate case, there has been no lack of aggressiveness by either prosecution or defense. The Government is assiduously prosecuting Daniel Ellsberg and Anthony Russo, but it insists that the Pentagon papers affair is a narrow case of espionage, theft and conspiracy. The defense, meanwhile, has sought to litigate the causes and ills of the Viet Nam War. As a result, the opposing attorneys have spent an increasing amount of time arguing with Matt Byrne.

13 of 20. Nonetheless, Byrne has coolly kept control of the proceedings—and his temper. But it has been a close thing in recent days. Since last April, he has been asking if there were any government studies indicating that the national defense had been unharmed by publication of the papers. Prosecutors steadfastly denied knowing about any such studies. Then a Defense Department witness confirmed their existence. Angriely, Byrne excused the jury and demanded copies. The prosecution dawdled. The first excuse was Lyndon Johnson's funeral, then bad weather was said to have delayed an Air Force jet bringing the reports from Washington.

As the days passed, Byrne's choler mounted. With increasing disdain he denied prosecution motions to block revelation of the reports. The last of the studies finally arrived, and after reading the five-inch stack of documents, Byrne ruled last week that the bulk of them had to be turned over to the defense. Reason: They tended to prove the innocence of Ellsberg and Russo on at least some of the charges. According to the Government analyses, said the judge, 13 of the 20 documents that Ellsberg and Russo released did not damage the national defense in any way—a seeming contradiction of what Government witnesses have been saying. Since a key part of the prosecution's charges rests on espionage laws that require proof that the national interest has been threatened, the development is a significant plus for Ellsberg and Russo.

Defense lawyers next sought to prove that Government officials purposely suppressed some studies. Indeed, Edward A. Miller Jr., a retired Air

Force lieutenant colonel who wrote one of the reports, testified that he had seen a memo indicating that such studies should be "removed from the files." Miller added that he had been told the same thing by the memo's supposed author, Charles W. Hinkle, the Pentagon's director for security review. Hinkle, who was Miller's direct superior, then took the stand to say he had "no recollection" of anything of the sort. That plopped the matter right back in Judge Byrne's lap and left him once again in the middle. If he concludes that the Government did try to withhold the studies, it would greatly add to the

LOS ANGELES TIMES



JUDGE MATT BYRNE
Into the fray.

importance of the studies' evidence and might leave the prosecution open to censure by the court.

It is not that Matt Byrne is anti-prosecution. In this trial, his firmness has been felt by both sides. "Confine yourself to the argument," he sharply instructed Defense Lawyer Leonard Boudin, who was trying to slip in extraneous material. And when Defense Attorney Charles Nesson stumbles in his questioning, as he seems to do often, the judge has dryly admonished him: "Bad form, Mr. Nesson. Rephrase it."

Byrne shares the federal bench with his father, now a senior judge in the same district court. Before the younger man came to the bench he served for three years as U.S. attorney for Central California, a job he filled so well that he was generally conceded to be one of the two or three best U.S. attorneys in the country (out of a total of 93). His record was so impressive that at the age of 40 he was appointed to his present post by President Nixon—despite the fact that he is a Democrat.

When the relatively liberal judge's name was drawn for the highly publicized Ellsberg-Russo trial, just 2½ months after his appointment, the defendants cheered their luck in expectation that they would get fair treatment. Byrne's own reaction: "My God!" He saw right away the work load and controversy that would be involved. It has propelled him into the national spotlight—and all but ended the handsome bachelor's once-active night life. He also misses the hunting and fishing trips that used to take him frequently to Baja California. Noted for his careful preparation, Byrne, 42, now spends his nights and weekends poring over the huge volume of reading involved in the trial. He has read all 7,000 pages of the Pentagon papers, plus thousands more pages of grand jury testimony and research. "He's determined not to make a mistake," says one close associate.

That being so, why has he decided to take such an active judicial role, a tactic that carries greater risk of having an appeals court overrule him? "I think his course is the highest kind of law, a search for truth," says his friend, University of Southern California Law Dean Dorothy Nelson. "One thing that's always been said by some about Matt Byrne is that he's just too darned agreeable to both sides. Maybe before this case is over he can at least be too darned disagreeable to both sides."

Cruel and Unusual

The line between proper and "cruel and unusual" punishment for prison inmates is frequently hazy. But Federal Judge Robert Merhige Jr. last week had no difficulty deciding that Virginia Corrections Division Director W.K. Cunningham had crossed it. In a highly unusual ruling, he ordered Cunningham to pay \$21,265 in damages to three former inmates because of practices "of such a shocking nature that no reasonable man could have believed that they were constitutional."

In 1971 Merhige handed down a sharply worded ruling that found the state's prison officials guilty of "grave disregard of constitutional guarantees." This time he cited specific illegal actions: bread-and-water diets, arbitrary use of fear gas, extended periods of solitary confinement, placing prisoners naked in a hot, roach-infested cell, and taping, chaining or handcuffing inmates to cell bars. The monetary award reflected the loss of prison pay through unconstitutional solitary confinement, plus what Merhige called "reasonable sums for pain and suffering."

In holding Cunningham personally responsible, Merhige stated that the practices the inmates were forced to endure "violate the lowest standards of decency," and became even more "odious" when carried out with Cunningham's knowledge and under his direction. Cunningham announced that he would appeal.

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CINEMA

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TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR

Screenplay by JAY PRESSON ALLEN
and HUGH WHEELER

Some movies released at holiday time are like small children in a department store: easily lost in the Christmas crush. Such is the case with *Travels With My Aunt*, a fragile, beguiling and elegant entertainment released at year's end, when it tended to be drowned out in the general bustle. Its charms look now to be considerable.

The movie concerns the adventures and misadventures of Henry Pulling (Alec McCowen) and his Aunt Augusta (Maggie Smith), an extravagantly and endearingly daffy trafficker in improbable intrigues who has succeeded in dealing old age a most severe trouncing. Pulling has heretofore worked in a London bank, lived quietly in a suburb and cultivated his dahlias. After meeting Aunt Augusta at his mother's funeral, he is spirited away by her to become part of a conspiracy involving a quantity of pot—concealed by Augusta's "companion" Wordsworth (Lou Gossett) in the ashes of the deceased—an illegal exchange of money, a journey on the Orient Express, an arrest in Turkey and an escape to Paris. All this occurs because Augusta is very desperate to rescue her one true love, an Italian confidence man called Visconti (Robert Stephens), who is being held for ransom by a murderous band of Uruguayan revolutionaries.

The film is more breathy and headlong than the Graham Greene novel from which it is adapted, although there remain strong traces of Greene's vit-

riol and hard ironies. The long train sequence, for example, is a good-humored send-up of the milieu Greene treated in early thrillers like *Orient Express*. There is also a sharply etched portrait of a young American hippie who smokes dope and inquires of Pulling: "You're not a Catholic, are you? I almost became a Catholic once because of Bobby Kennedy."

Basically, however, *Travels* is in the casefully luxurious style of its director, whose sense of subdued but splendid theatricality is everywhere in evidence, from the meticulous *mise en scène* and the unobtrusive movement of the camera to the careful, practiced composition of every scene. (Cukor stashes a bouquet in the corner to balance the

SMITH & STEPHENS IN "TRAVELS"



SMITH & McCOWEN IN SCENE FROM AUNT AUGUSTA'S LATER LIFE

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CINEMA

frame the way Aunt Augusta might bedeck her room with roses.)

During a career spanning four decades, Cukor, 73, has directed such models of cultivated craftsmanship as *Dinner at Eight*, *Holiday*, *The Philadelphia Story*, *Adam's Rib*, *The Actress*, *Heller in Pink Tights*—these last two among the few fine films about the American theater. Katharine Hepburn once said of him, "All the people in his pictures are as good as they can possibly be." That holds true here. Maggie Smith gives him a deliberately mannered, histrionic performance of unflagging energy and great technical virtuosity. Alec McCowen is a perfect foil for her, his mathematically precise timing producing an effect of cunning, effortless humor. Robert Stephens, with a slight but crucial role, is superbly seedy, right down to a suspiciously affected Italian accent. **■ J.C.**



BAKER AT WORK IN "BYSTANDERS"
Like a 20-quid suit.

Quick Cuts

INNOCENT BYSTANDERS is like a remnant from Carnaby Street, a vestige of the unsmug days of trendy English film making when everything was sharp angles and bilious color, like a 20 quid suit. It is mostly the usual spy stuff, terse and vicious, with Stanley Baker as an aging agent sent out on his last big job. Its dizzying intrigue of counterplots and triplecrosses probably would have worked better if Director Peter Collin-

son had not tried to slick it up with a lot of addled editing and improbable violence. Given the prevailing tone of careless hokum, two performances are triumphant. Donald Pleasence appears as the head of intelligence, a man hilariously paralyzed by decorum. He is immaculately polite and sinister, whether ordering a libation or a liquidation. Pleasence's ambition is to run to ground an elusive agronomist portrayed by Vladék Sheybal, whose huge eyes pop out

of his head like a couple of painted Ping Pong balls. Sheybal brings off a flawless vocal impression of Peter Lorre, with the same slightly lisping tones that sound threatening and tubercular at the same time, as if he might run short of breath before he was through telling you to stick your hands up.

LIMBO concerns the woes of three P.O.W. wives waiting out the war in a Florida military town. Although filmed on location, the movie could have been ground out on the back lot of Universal City for all the sense of place—or just sense—that it displays. In his eagerness to cast unknowns, Director Mark Robson must have passed over some good actors. Most of his energies, and those of Scenarists Joan Silver and James Bridges, seem to have been poured into creating stereotypes with whom every member of the audience could identify, no matter what their politics. There is a bitter, continuously frustrated campaigner against the war (Kathleen Nolan), a vociferous, tirelessly anti-Communist booster of the military effort (Katherine Justice), and a neutral, who nevertheless gets a little queasy when shown some scenes of maimed North Vietnamese children (Kate Jackson). The movie is painstaking in its refusal to take any kind of stand at all, other than a rather strong suggestion that war plays hob with hearth and home. **■ J.C.**

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TIME, FEBRUARY 12, 1973

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MUSIC

COVER STORY

Pop Records: Moguls, Money & Monsters

LIFE, metaphysicians of the record industry will tell you, is a super-monster smash; dig it. It is performed in an illogical world that is both flat and round, where 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ r.p.m. exerts a fearful centrifugal force. The U.S., particularly that extensive tribe of its citizenry under 30, is electronically in thrall to the thrumming, incessant sound of music, a phenomenon that has handed the record business a supremely marketable mania. Every week, hundreds of records are poured into radio stations by promoters trying to crack the crucial list of Top 40 hits that get saturation air play. Every year, 5,000 new albums pile up on endless racks in drugstores and supermarkets, there to await the ready purses of Mom and her affluent children.

Last year those purses responded to the galactic, 16-track, monster-smash tune of nearly \$2 billion in records and tapes (\$3.3 billion worldwide), making music, for the first measurable time in history, the most popular form of entertainment in America. The television may drone on in the living room, but there is little that youth wants to hear from Archie Bunker or Marcus Welby—especially since it has found both relevance and escape in magical sound.

With such sales, no wonder the conglomerates are conglomerating in the record business. From film studios to breakfast-food makers to rent-a-car companies—everyone is trying to buy up a label and go from wax to riches. Even the moguls are falling in with the style, if not the substance, of rock culture. They are not necessarily above trying out guru beads, stack-

heel boots or an unmarked cigarette.

Your basic bopper on the beach, however, cannot see them for the stars. Today's pop-rock pantheon is the new Hollywood; its principal gods have filled the void left by the Harlows and Gables. Any number of the pop world's scores of superstars could serve to illustrate the process. Four who exemplify its various aspects as vividly as any are Balladeer Carole King, Hard-Rocker Ian Anderson, Pop-Jazz Songstress Roberta Flack and Fey Troubadour Harry Nilsson. Not exactly household names, they nevertheless enjoy more status with the young than a Newman or a Taylor. They are more lavishly remunerated than, say, Redford or MacGraw. Indeed, everything about the music industry of the '70s is reminiscent of Hollywood in the '30s and '40s: moguls, superstars and promoters operating in a world charged with sex and power and conspiring to sell slick, tuneful packages to a voracious public.

Vaudevillians. Fortunately, that public by and large insists upon a modicum of quality. Bizarre vaudevillians like Jethro Tull, the manic-impressive group for which Anderson is lead singer and flutist, are still artisans right down to their self-mocking codpieces and plaid jerkins. Singer-Composer King, 29, spins out her multi-textured ballads with craft and sensitivity and raises her piano playing to something more than mere accompaniment. Nilsson, 31, blithe and winsome with his pen as well as his voice, first projected himself as a sort of sad-clown chronicler of Middle America (*Nobody Care About the Railroads Anymore, Mr. Tin-*

ker), now is a zany mod-rock (*Cocanut, Spaceman*). In the poised, warmly expressive style of Flack, 33, the earthy emotions of gospel (*Told Jesus*) mix with the more polished, sinuous phrasing of jazz (*Tryin' Times*).

The present pop market is so vast and varied that it seems able to accommodate a limitless range of recording styles. The names on the album covers alone denote the bewildering diversity. There are Mott the Hoople, Sly and the Family Stone, Aztec Two-Step, Five Pound Smile, Weather Report, Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show, Raspun-tin's Stash, Highway Robbery—old groups, new groups, weird groups, funny groups, groups never heard of before, groups never to be heard of again.

There are holdovers from the first wave of rock revolution in the '60s, like those satanic princes the Rolling Stones, who still sing a violent song of and for themselves with frenzied power. There are emergent personalities like Carly Simon, 28, who epitomizes much that youth finds glamorous in the pop-rock world: daughter of Richard Simon, co-founder of Simon & Schuster, publishers, wife of Folk-Rock-Star James Taylor (TIME cover, March 1, 1971), exemplar of Sarah Lawrence cerebral-voluptuary chic. *Africanus* all over the country are comparing notes on the possible lovers referred to in Carly's *You're So Vain*, a top-selling single for the past four weeks. There are in-between figures like Elton John, 25, an established English performer who is still capable of breaking out with a monster like *Crocodile Rock*, currently *Billboard's* No. 1 single. In person, the ebull-



lient John flings himself onstage in a cape that makes him look like Michael Pollard playing Captain Marvel, kicks away the piano stool and plays from a handstand position, among others.

Not only groups and individuals but also entire genres are swirling in wild profusion through today's pop-record scene. The most prevalent type these days is the solo troubadour who sings of quiet, simple joys, of lost loves and lonely roads; this strain encompasses such individual stylists as King, Simon, Nilsson and Taylor. Country rock is thriving with The Band (not to be con-

ED CARLETT



FOLK-ROCK BALLADEER CARLY SIMON

fused with Nashville-based Country and Western, a separate universe); flow-er-power rock with The Grateful Dead. Progressive rock and jazz are teaming up in such potent combinations as Santana and the Mahavishnu Orchestra. Perhaps the hottest trend lies in the sweet soul of Flack and other black artists like Billy Paul (*Me and Mrs. Jones*) who are leading the field in the first large-scale cross-over of black performers into the pop mainstream and of black record buyers into traditionally white markets.

Observes Columbia Records President Clive Davis (see box page 64), the most dynamic mover in the pop-rock groundswell: "One kind of music absorbed everything else in the '60s. In a sense it was a revolution. But now the universe of music has absorbed that, and is expanding on all fronts. You have the individual emerging again and artists coming from all areas of music. Beyond that, there are so many existing artists from the '60s who have maintained themselves that the market is much more scattered. There is not one sort of music that is dominating now."

As for the stars who are flourishing in this energetic eclecticism, many of them have come to learn, as did Gar-

field and Garland before them, that life at the top can be hard cheese. Record sales are highly volatile, and the vaulting ascents and steep dives of pop reputations can give even hardy souls a severe case of the bends. As Rock Entrepreneur Bill Graham says: "What's it like to be 23 years old, sell a million records, own a boat, a car, a lot of real estate, and not have worked 20 years to get it?"

Many performers are what Publicist Gary Stromberg calls "gifted children—vulnerable, naive, spoiled, easily hurt. They can be brats, because the first time they ever got on a plane it was first-class." If the psychological pressures do not crush them, the physical rigors of touring, drugs and sex may. Two of the most incandescent of their number in the '60s, Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix, died a good 45 years too soon on the self-destructive road to that discovery.

Success may be hard to handle, but the decline that often follows is worse. "Those who don't plan ahead get into trouble," says Stromberg. "The group breaks up, and they aren't good at communicating in other ways than music. There is nothing left for them to do. So

DEIRDRE CRANE—LIFE



JETHRO TULL'S IAN ANDERSON

they keep on trying to put together a new group, and they keep on living in a dream world."

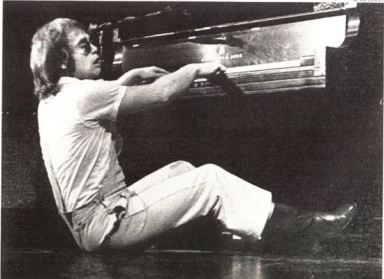
Even successful performers who can maintain their temperamental equilibrium are often painfully entangled in the coils of the record industry's machinery: the complexities of the recording studio, the inanities of promotional gimmicks, the potentially damaging imponderables of commercialism. The creative musicians among them dwell in a strained symbiosis with the money-men. Says Guitarist Jerry Garcia of The Grateful Dead, one of Warner Bros.' top record sellers: "I resent being just another face in a corporate personality. There isn't even a Warner 'brother' to talk to. The music business and The Grateful Dead are in two different orbits, two different universes."

Asylum. Such strain produces a special effect on performers born of a highly sensitized generation that takes its own emotional pulse almost hourly. As Rock Singer Todd Rundgren describes it: "Your whole life becomes represented by what you do rather than what you are. To compensate for this you make a caricature of yourself, assert your own personality more than you would ordinarily need to. You dress louder, behave louder; your life becomes a performance, except when you are by yourself."

Many of the new breed of stars go to considerable lengths to be by themselves. Top groups are demanding autonomy in their recording activities, and sometimes acquire their own private recording studios, where they can be relatively free of the influence of their record companies. The asylum, as the record industry likes to designate itself, is increasingly being taken over by the inmates. Explains Jethro Tull's Anderson, 25, a former art student: "I moved away from painting because I wanted to remove myself from the influence of tutors and teachers. In being a rock musician, you should be left totally to your own devices. Any talent that emerges is something that comes from within you."

Anderson, the son of a Blackpool

MARK ZWANE



CROCODILE ROCKER ELTON JOHN



BLACKWOOD PHOTOGRAPH

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businessman, belies his bizarre appearance by eschewing drugs and cultivating an earnest strain of religious feeling. He originates most of the group's music through "just strumming a few lines on the guitar," and he admits that he picked up the flute one day "because it was the only instrument in the shop." He describes his onstage gyrations—twisting, hopping on one leg, hair flying—partly as "hamming it up" but also as a form of "conducting—you're actually another way of playing, another force."

Flack, who was trained as a classical soprano and later played piano in jazz clubs and taught music in public schools, has settled in a suburb of Washington, D.C. From there she directs her own Washington-based publishing firm, talent agency and production company in a characteristically slow, steady and thoughtful way.

Samplers. Brooklyn-born King got her professional start in the hurly-burly of \$50-a-week songwriting in Manhattan's Tin Pan Alley, now lives an almost reclusive life with her husband and three children in Los Angeles' Laurel Canyon. As in her New York days, she slops around in nondescript clothes and talks rapidly when excited. But there is a new restraint and self-possession; she studies yoga, favors tea and Japanese-style raw fish and enjoys sewing samplers. She refuses all public appearances except infrequent concerts. This play provides a notable exception to the record-industry folk wisdom that touring and promotion are necessary to sell records. Without benefit of hoopla, King's 1971 album *Tapestry* has racked up a worldwide total of 9,000,000 sales, making it the biggest-selling LP by a single performer in recording history.

More than any other pop-record star, Nilsson has defined the boundaries of his professional activity by the four walls of the recording studio. His career is completely a product of recording technology, since he rarely gives any live performances at all. Brooklyn-born like King, he worked for a few years as a computer programmer in a Van Nuys, Calif., bank, until one of the demonstration records that he was flogging to

record companies on the side won him a contract. Friends suggest that part of his reluctance to perform comes from his shyness and engaging eccentricity. Nilsson insists that performing is "a separate occupation. I like concentrating my energies in the studio and doing other things with the rest of my time." Among the other things: playing Ping Pong, reading science fiction and devel-



ENGLAND'S DAVID BOWIE IN CONCERT \$100,000 on his nose.

oping ideas for films and TV shows. Nilsson keeps a flat in London and often records there instead of in the U.S.—a tribute to the London studios' more sophisticated electronic wizardry.

Some pop stars' isolationist tendencies are rooted in stark self-preservation. Take the bubble-gum idols, David Cassidy, 22, of *The Partridge Family*, and Donny Osmond, 15, of the Osmond Brothers. Their very lives are sometimes in peril. That is to be expected when the magazines that address themselves to their pubescent followers run fea-

tures like "Take a Shower with David," inviting fans to send in bars of soap with love messages carved into them. David has discovered that you can lose a lot of shirts to clawing young crowds that way. Donny and his older brother Wayne once sneaked out of their hotel while on tour only to be mobbed in an electronics store. An exasperated Wayne asked the obvious: "Now how many 13-year-old girls would you expect to find in an electronics store?"

Craving. The answer is, of course, that you can find them hanging out in worshipful multitudes wherever their warbling royalty might chance to be. Not even the Sinatras or Monroes produced cults to rival those formed in the '60s and '70s. Says Joseph Smith, a former disk jockey who is co-chief of Warner Bros. Records: "Music is participatory now. You've got a generation buying it that has lived through ten years of craziness and crisis. The music has reflected every facet of that period." He adds: "Those kids need those albums. You can't separate it from their lives." Publicist Stromberg recalls the incident of a tearful, angry teen-ager screaming at a cop who had just ejected him from a Rolling Stones concert in Boston for scuffling. "You have no idea, no idea at all," shouted the teenager, "what this concert means to me!"

Clearly the pop world has come a long way since the Crew-Cuts first sang *Sh-Boom*. When Elvis Presley twined at the head of a pack of oil-groomed Teen Angels, white youth abandoned the syrupy somnolence of Joni James and Patti Page to share, at a safe distance, the black experience expressed in rhythm and blues. In the late '50s, the sullen sounds of American rock gave way to the urban folk madrigals of the Kingston Trio. They and their imitators were in turn swept from the popular field by those definitive merry mercenaries the Beatles.

The British conquest of the American pop scene was total until 1967 and the storied Monterey Pop Festival. Indeed, the current health and wealth of the various record companies is a direct reflection of who tuned in to the fes-

Of Freaks, Indies and Bubble Gum

WHETHER tuning up a pitch in the studio or making one at a sales meeting, any would-be operator in the pop record business must know the lingo. A brief primer:

ARTIST—Any performer, of whatever ability.

BOOGIE—To relax, kid around, do one's thing, take it easy.

BOP—To drink, smoke, pop pills, goof off or otherwise have a good time.

BREAK or BREAK OUT—To become a hit.

BUBBLE GUM—Rock for the pre-

teeny-bopper set; the lowest common denominator in pop music.

DO ME A SOLID—Do me a favor.

FREAK—A rock performer with an attention-getting mannerism or physical handicap (e.g., albino Blues-Rocker Johnny Winter).

HYPE—False or exaggerated claims about a performer or record. **GOOD HYPE**—Promotion or advertising that is, astoundingly enough, true.

INDIE—Independent producer or record company.

MONSTER—A superhit; also, the creator of a superhit.

ON THE FARM—Woodshedding, or getting it all together; harks back to the not-so-distant days when rockers rented farms to do everything but farm on.

OUTRAGEOUS—Great.

PRODUCT—Records, as in "He puts out a lot of product."

RELEVANT—The kids will buy it.

STIFF—A record that does not sell.

STREET—The marketplace; also, the latest industry rumors, as in "The street says..."

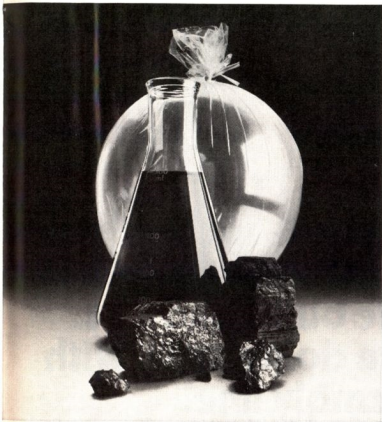
TRIP—A cat's bag, style, anything he's got going down.

TURNABLE HIT—A record that gets air play but does not sell.

UP FRONT—Having top priority.

WHIPPED—Drunk.

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We are also experimenting with coal gasification...with some success. Pilot plants are now able to produce about 20,000 cubic feet of gas from a ton of coal. Volume production seems attainable, though cost remains high.

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tival and who did not. Most of today's successful moguls were there, contract-signing pens at the ready. At the time, the three top record companies were RCA, Capitol and Columbia. Joe Smith of Warner had pre-empted the pack by signing Jimi Hendrix before the festival. But the most enterprising of all was Columbia's Clive Davis, who in the wake of the festival signed Janis Joplin; Blood, Sweat and Tears; Santana; and Chicago. To their eventual sorrow, RCA and Capitol were still viewing such affairs—indeed, all of rock—as something of a passing fad. It was not; the war was on.

A brutal war it is, too, masterminded in the conference rooms of conglomerates and waged in the trenches where producers, promoters, distributors, program directors and disk jockeys all snap and claw at the big sound-dollar. The battle rages continually around one crucial question: Is it a hit (ding!) or a miss (thud)? Since only one record in 25 gets a serious shot at survival, the odds are long: simply to break even, a single must sell 25,000 copies, an album 85,000. But then it takes only a couple of hits to compensate for dozens of dogs. This is the era of the almighty album, and a monster single usually means not only a gold record (1,000,000 copies) but, when included on an LP, may even guarantee a gold album (\$1,000,000).

Snowball Effect. The selling of a record begins with the selling of the recording artist or group—first to the company, then to the public. Company scouts screen processions of talent—sometimes from managers, sometimes from the street, sometimes bearing impressive credits, sometimes clutching a tape recorded in their living room. Says Don Heckman, head of RCA's East Coast "contemporary" operation: "The top 10% of what is available to you is always cream. It doesn't take anything to recognize that someone like Carole King is a monster talent. It is the area between 90% and 40% that is the problem. The majority of artists that you bring in have to be worked with, and careers rise and fall on what happens with them."

When the board-room executives decide that a particular song or performer is ready, then the promotional wheels are put into action. A typical example is RCA's handling of one of its hot new properties: David Bowie, a sly English rock-vaudeville performer who flaunts his bisexuality.

Enter now the office of Stu Ginsburg, head of publicity for RCA's rock arm. His midtown Manhattan office is festooned with posters, cutouts, promotional T-shirts, freaky record albums. Munching a chocolate cookie and propping his saddle shoes on a well-littered desk, Ginsburg explains: "You want to create a snowball effect. So you arrange live tours in patterned locations so that the radio and press coverage will overlap. You want to come into a city with advance air play, and you want to leave

the city with press and more air play. It spreads. New York stations spread to Jersey, and so on."

Nowadays most record companies have taken over the role of tour agent. So when company executives decided to showcase Bowie, they first chartered a plane and flew a load of American rock writers to London, then arranged an American tour for Bowie. Local promoters, working in tandem with RCA, pushed Bowie's records at area rock stations, also offered interviews to local newspapers and FM disk jockeys.

Not Rational. As the Bowie caravan moved round the nation, RCA operatives at its center scrambled for more and more press attention. In some cities, Bowie sold well without much trouble; in others, local promoters filled seats by giving away tickets through organized radio contests. In many cases, RCA bought mounds of advertising at local stations and occasionally gave the station a piece of the concert action—thus ensuring air play of Bowie's records. All together, RCA laid \$100,000 worth of promotion on Bowie's slender nose.

Although Carole King and Harry Nilsson have made it without going through the Bowie process, even King served her apprenticeship writing songs for other performers, and Nilsson arrived only with the help of the pop-cult film smash *Midnight Cowboy*. One of his early singles, *Everybody's Talkin'*, was released three times in two years with no visible means of support. Then the song was picked up for the Jon Voight-Dustin Hoffman movie. Shortly after the film came out, RCA Promoter Larry Douglas walked into the office of Program Director Walt Turner at WSAI in Cincinnati and threw the record on his desk. "Goddammit," he bellowed, "you're going to play that record!" Turner looked up in amusement. "Douglas," he asked softly, "are you still pushing that thing?" Turner finally agreed to let Douglas take him and his wife to see *Midnight Cowboy*. The record was played on WSAI the next day. Similar breakthroughs occurred all round the country, and eventually the single sold about 900,000 copies.

No, the promoter's lot is not a rational one. Clive Davis of Columbia, which led all other record companies last year with gross worldwide sales of around \$340 million,* observes in explanation of his outfit's success: "There's no real difference between our operation and that of most other companies. You stand or fall with your list." Admits Stan Cornyn, Warner Bros.' vice president for creative services (meaning largely ads and promotion): "The reality is that if you have a good record, you can't kill it with a stick; if you have a terrible record, you cannot elect it Pope. If you have a middle-level record, it helps to have promotion."

*Runners-up: RCA (\$203 million sales), Warner Communications (\$180 million), Capitol (\$130 million).

A good promotion man must get radio play if his song is going to go anywhere on the charts. (An exception to the rule is the record, always an LP, that gains a following through exposure on FM stations, as many Jethro Tull albums have done.) This is really what all the planning and promotion is about. It is no easy task in these days when nearly all major radio stations play only the Top 40 current hits.

The Top 40 idea might charitably be called the brainchild of Los Angeles-based Program Director Bill Drake, who runs the action for RKO's 14 powerful pop-music stations. The concept is founded on the premise that the average radio audience changes every 30 minutes. Thus the notion is to keep repeating—over and over and over again—the same monster items that everyone wants to hear. In fact, Top 40 is an illusory designation; 25 is more like it. "Getting a record into air play," says Kal Rudman, publisher of an East Coast record tip sheet, "is tougher than getting a bill through Congress."

There are only three legitimate ways to get on the air. RCA Promotion Di-



RECORD STUDIO CONTROL ROOM
A long way from Sh-Boom.

rector Frank Mancini sums them up: "Hit the secondaries, hassle the Top 40 people, or do both." The likeliest route to success is through the secondaries—the hot stations in such medium-sized cities as Youngstown, Ohio; Hartford, Conn.; and San Diego, which tend to have more flexible program directors than the rigidly scheduled big-league stations. There are plenty of valid forms of blandishment, and some of them are quite inventive. One promo man in Cleveland dressed up in a Superman costume and climbed a fire escape to

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the third-floor window of a program director's office so that he could spring inside with his wares. Another managed to pose as a waiter in a program director's favorite restaurant, then served up his "push" single to the program director on a silver platter.

RCA's man on the West Coast, Lou Galliani, is the epitome of the new look in rising record-company executives, tricked out in velvet jeans, flowery shirts, shell beads around his neck and African trading beads around his wrist. He carries a leather shoulder bag and has a house near San Francisco that is decorated with animals, tropical fish and a delectable girl friend. Galliani sends the usual flowers and small gifts to radio-station employees (the bag limit is \$25 by FCC law), procures the usual concert tickets and arranges the usual listener contests for trips to Hawaii with Elvis, or whatever. But he has been known to branch out from there. He once sent out tape cassettes containing "personalized" obscene telephone calls to several female radio-station employees. When the David Bowie entourage came to town, Galliani took out an ad in the personals column of *Rolling Stone*: "Desperate. Must have two tickets to see David Bowie performance in San Francisco, Oct. 28. Will pay up to \$100 each. Call Clive or Ahmet." Meaning, of course, the rival potentates at Columbia and Atlantic.

There is also another, less frivolous way of winning favor. The term, coined during the Alan Freed scandal of the '50s, is *payola*. Its forms have changed, and in some areas it has been drastically reduced. Most radio formats now make it extremely difficult, if not impossible, for under-the-counter money to influence play lists. Top 40 jockeys no longer have control over their lists; program directors, in turn, are too tightly pressed by audience demand to fool around. Nonetheless, corruption persists.

Bloodsucker. "Payola is still the industry's little bastard," writes Roger Karshner, former vice president at Capitol, in his book *The Music Machine*. "No one will admit to him, but everybody pays child support, and the little devil keeps coming back for more—not openly of course, but quietly in sneakers. The greedy little bloodsucker has gone underground." That essentially means the burgeoning black radio stations. The going prices for air play these days range from an occasional \$50 in some regional stations to as much as \$1,000 for a week of concentrated play in the big city rhythm-and-blues stations. One industry attorney flatly asserts: "Nearly every black radio station in the U.S. is involved in payola."

A black executive of a major West Coast record company objects to such categorical accusations. "Hell," he says, "don't pin this on the black folk. White

payola is still bigger; it always has been. The black cats get \$50 to \$100; the white guys get color-TV sets." The R. and B. stations do seem to be more susceptible to payola, thanks to more elastic formats and to the fact that pay scales for black DJs are lower. Payola takes on increasing importance in this area because of the growing number of sweet-soul cross-overs and the mounting influence of middle-class blacks (who can now afford albums) on the shape of the charts.

Industry executives are quick to note, defensively but with some point, that parties, junkies and the free use of facilities are acceptable in other businesses—why not in records? Yet the fact remains that record companies, at least indirectly, try to buy their way onto the air waves. One executive admits: "There's a lot of bread being passed around, man." Bread is rarely hard cash these days (too risky), but it often takes such forms as plane tickets, appliances and household renovation. There are grand old standbys (hard and soft women) and grisly new stratagems (hard and soft drugs). "Dope is a no-no," says one executive, "but some guys are passing it out."

It was probably inevitable that a \$3 billion business would attract the omnivorous eye of the Mafia. Jukeboxes have always been a Mob staple; of the 58 gang chiefs arrested at the 1957 Ap-

The Men Who Market the Mania

TO the public, the pop-record industry is embodied in the star performers whose names are emblazoned on album covers. To the industry, the real powers are such behind-the-scenes figures as record-company presidents and producers. Following are quick sketches of some of the most influential:

CLIVE DAVIS, president of Columbia Records for 5½ years. Cool, intense Harvard Law grad. Age 40; married to second wife. Was at historic Monterey Festival of 1967, sensed a revolution. Signed Janis Joplin, Laura Nyro and others who in next three years doubled Columbia's share of record market to 22%. Rock moved from 15% of firm's volume to more than 50%. Despite lack of musical training and personal taste that ran to folk singers and Johnny Mathis, he was shrewd enough to develop Santana; Chicago; Blood, Sweat and Tears; Sly and the Family Stone. Gives stars unprecedented artistic freedom, also unprecedented money. Some ventures viewed as risky: \$4 million acquisition of Neil Diamond, \$2 million-plus deal with Laura Nyro, who hasn't done a record in nearly two years. No sooner signed Delaney and Bonnie for \$200,000 than couple sepa-

rated. Rest of industry, undisguisedly envious, predicts he will go too far and fall. Seems unworried. Earns about \$250,000 a year plus stock options. Ranges out from roomy Manhattan co-operative to spend evenings catching new acts; hobnobs with the Beatles, has even squired Pianist Vladimir Horowitz to Greenwich Village disothèque.

LOU ADLER, independent producer and head of Ode Records. Tall, thin, ultra-soft-spoken multimillionaire of 37. Produced Monterey Festival as well as subsequent film, *Monterey Pop*. Background as reigning impresario of California surf music (Jan and Dean); later managed the Mamas and the Papas and

founded Dunhill Records, which he sold to ABC in 1966 for \$3 million. Current label boasts Carole King, Comedy Duo Cheech and Chong and \$400,000 new album of *Tonny* that has earned back \$5 million. Dabbles in California real estate, currently dates Actress Britt Ekland. Has houses in Malibu, Bel Air and Jamaica, rises in morning with organic coffee, dresses in bell-bottoms and Jesus sandals. Lincoln-esque in bearing and probity.

POP SULTAN ERTEGUN



COLUMBIA CHIEF DAVIS



PRODUCER PERRY



alachin, N.Y., underworld convention, nine had jukebox interests. The Mob also allegedly hit pay dirt recently by counterfeiting records at a New Jersey plant and bootlegging them in England and even Yugoslavia. According to reports, a summit conference of Mafia record bootleggers was held three months ago in Manhattan's Plaza Hotel. Deals were supposedly consummated in the hotel's genteel Palm Court, while near by, mink-wrapped dowagers spooned their strawberry parfaits.

Inside or outside the Mob, counterfeiting or pirating records is a lucrative adjunct to the legitimate record industry. Anybody who has access to modern taping or disk-pressing equipment can duplicate a record thousands of times over without paying royalties. Experts figure that pirates raked off nearly \$200 million in profits last year. As one executive moans: "We are being penalized by technological progress."

Finger Popping. Still, such penalties are pittance compared with the bountiful legal profits to be made through old-fashioned executive ingenuity. Take Producer-Publisher Wes Farrell, who brought music to *The Partridge Family* and vice versa. One day he was watching the pilot for the family's television show and took an interest in David Cassidy, soon to become America's white-clad Aubrey Beardsley faun. "I wondered," Farrell

recalled, "why nobody had asked him if he could sing." As it turned out, David was not destined to be confused with Richard Tucker. No matter. Farrell called in 60 songwriters, who ground out some 300 tunes suitable for framing David. Within a year one of them, *I Think I Love You*, had sold 3.6 million copies.

Since most stars are bought and not made, money remains the deadliest weapon in a major company's arsenal. Witness a recent weekly singles meeting in the RCA board room. Gathered around a table piled high with cherry and pineapple Danish, 15 upbeat execs popped their fingers and wiggled their shoulders to the sounds being explained, then piped in, by Advertising and Merchandising Director Bill Keane. Soon Keane played "the Sneak of the Week," and everyone at the table was invited to guess who the newly acquired artist was. "Wilson Pickett!" someone shouted, and RCA President Rocco Laginestra confirmed that Pickett had been signed. "You stole him from Atlantic?" another executive was asked. "Right," came the answer. "How'd you do it?" The reply, this time accompanied by a blood-and-feather grin: "Money."

In a similar singles meeting at Columbia Records recently, a fair portion of the session was dedicated to promoting an album by Cartoonist-Humorist Shel Silverstein. It seemed that a Se-

attle jockey had taken an interest in one routine about a rather septic young lady named Sylvia Stout, who for reasons of her own, refuses to take the garbage out. One idea struck the table like a bolt, and was promptly accepted: distribute little packets of garbage in Seattle supermarkets. Dynamite.

If the industry does have its share of garbage, there is less of it than was produced in myriad Hollywood film stinkeroos of the '30s and '40s. Indeed, the concept of artistic control that permeates the industry has produced an American pop-rock sound of increasingly high quality. As evidenced by the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper*, for example, or the Beach Boys' *Surf's Up*, the free-wheeling pop artists of the last decade, left to cavort in their electronic playpens, can produce sounds as aesthetically extraordinary as they are profitable. They have become casually expert in the manipulation of far-out electronic paraphernalia like the Moog synthesizer, and they have learned to use the LP format in strikingly expressive new ways. Ian Anderson is preparing an album for Jethro Tull called *Passion Play*, which will use the recording medium to put across some of Anderson's religious ideas, as well as frame what he calls "a total theater trip."

Quadraphonic. The future of the industry seems to be bounded only by Con Edison's capacities. The widely heralded quadraphonic sound, which feeds four channels through separate speakers, is now a commercial reality, both in terms of recording techniques and home playing equipment. Experiments in tapes and cassettes are proceeding apace. The latest innovation: a video cassette that will show a live performance even as the music is being played. At the same time, more and more TV outlets are booking pop-record stars, opening up further possibilities for intermedia promotion; both ABC and NBC are experimenting with late-night programs featuring rock groups.

Though the increased sophistication of electronic gadgetry will continue to contribute immeasurably to the growth of the industry, the key to the business is still the writhing, undulating, switched-on men and women of music, the curve and contour of their artistry. Record executives, who live perpetually in the future, are watching, waiting, wondering: What will the next supermonster sound be? "If I knew what was coming," says Wes Farrell, "I would come into the office once a year and charge \$100,000 a minute for my time. But the most exciting part of my life is that I don't know what's coming."

Whether what's coming is a West Texas farm boy playing Bach fugues on a cactus pear or the White House staff singing footlight favorites, you can bet your quadraphonic tape deck that Farrell and his competitors will be on hand, those contract-signing ballpoints at the ready; dig it.



RICHARD PERRY, independent producer for Ella Fitzgerald, Barbra Streisand, Harry Nilsson and Carly Simon, among others. At 30, hottest freelance in business. Discovered both Tiny Tim and Captain Beefheart. Conceived albums in manner of Hollywood director. Added drum crescendos that give Simon's *You're So Vain* special contemporary sound. Has loved pop music ever since he attended one of Alan Freed's rock-'n-roll shows as a kid in Brooklyn in 1954. Earnings from sales and royalty percentages are well into six figures a year (last year: about \$250,000). Sometimes agrees to take a lower percentage if a record fails to rise to Top Ten charts. Resembles Actor Elliott Gould. Has what he calls "a regulation

ODE'S ADLER (AT RECORD COUNTER)



California home—swimming pool, sauna, \$10,000 stereo rig and all the things that ease the pressure of life and enable one to move ahead."

AHMET ERTEGUN, president of Atlantic Records. Turkish-born, self-made sultan of American rock, soul and pop. Age 48. In 1948 founded Atlantic on a shoestring and a collection of 25,000 old blues 78s. In 1950s brought in Brother Nesuhi and their friend Jerry Wexler, signed Ray Charles, LaVern Baker, the Modern Jazz Quartet and "Boss of the Blues" Joe Turner. In the 1960s, his firm introduced Sonny and Cher, more recently Wilson Pickett, Otis Redding and Roberta Flack as well as rock groups like Led Zeppelin and Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young. Also hired young singer released by Columbia Records, turned her into Soul Empress Aretha Franklin. Sold his lively, swinging company in 1967 to firm that eventually became Warner Communications for \$18 million, but continued to run it. Lives with wife Mica in Manhattan town house in which living room and bedroom each occupy an entire floor, also has estate in Southampton, Long Island. Throws jet-set parties, has entertained Lady Sarah Churchill Russell as well as Mick Jagger. Over the years has composed several hit songs (*Don't Play That Song, Sweet Sixteen, Wild, Wild Young Men*) under the name Nugetre—Ertugun spelled backward.

The Wooden Style

At a banquet before the National Basketball Association's All-Star Game in Chicago two weeks ago, the master of ceremonies surveyed the audience and observed: "Here sit the best basketball players in the world—other than U.C.L.A."

It was a fitting tribute to Coach John Wooden and his undefeated U.C.L.A. Bruins. Heavily favored to win their ninth national championship in ten years, U.C.L.A. seemed more invincible than ever last week as it went for its 62nd consecutive victory against its formidable crosstown rival U.S.C. In fact, the top-ranked Bruins are so steeped in talent that their bench warmers may well be the No. 2 team in the nation. Asked if there is any way to stop Wooden, Oklahoma City Coach Abe Lemons said: "Wait, and some night when the moon is full and the clock strikes midnight, drive a silver stake into his heart. He is unreal."

Giants. It only seems that way. Wooden's coaching philosophy is, in fact, anything but unreal: "Get the players in the best of condition. Teach them to execute the fundamentals quickly. Drill them to play as a team." Cynics scoff at such talk; talented giants, not playground bromides, they say, account for U.C.L.A.'s success. Wooden is, in fact, currently graced with 6-ft. 11-in. Bill Walton, the best center in college basketball. And before Walton, U.C.L.A. had Lew Alcindor, the 7-ft. 2-in. pivotman who led the Bruins to three national titles, then turned pro and changed his name to Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. Yet it is also a fact that Wooden won his first N.C.A.A. championship in 1964 with a starting team whose average height was a pygmyesque 6 ft. 3 in. "No one can win without material," says Wooden. "But not everyone can win with material."

So why have Wooden's teams, both tiny and tall, lost only 15 of 281 over the past decade? Former U.C.L.A. players who have graduated to the pros cite various reasons. Milwaukee Bucks' Abdul-Jabbar: "His ability to coach and develop talent is unparalleled." Los Angeles Lakers' Gail Goodrich: "He molds five different personalities into one." Milwaukee's Lucius Allen: "He takes basketball and breaks it into all the little fundamentals." Los Angeles' Keith Erickson: "He's the kind of man you believe in, a man you would like to be."

The kind of player Wooden believes in is part robot and part race horse. Wooden maps out each practice session on a 3-by-5 card, devoting five or ten minutes each to such basics as rebounding, corner shooting and three-man fast breaks. Always on the sidelines, Wooden spurs his charges on with his favorite rallying cry: "Be quick, but don't

hurry!" Says he: "The game of basketball is scoring goals, and I want my boys to shoot and shoot. When a boy tells me he'd rather pass than shoot, I know there's something wrong with him." The game is also defense, and for that cause Wooden has another cry: "Pressure! Force them! Force them all the time! Never let up! Pressure! Pressure!"

The result is a fast-breaking, hard-pressing attack that gradually and inevitably overwhelms. "Wooden's success," says one rival coach, "is based on upsetting the tempo and style of his opponent. He does it by running, running and running some more. He mixes that up by ball hawking, by grabbing, by slapping and by hand-waving de-

CLIFF ROUTLE

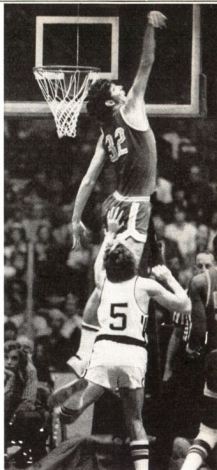


U.C.L.A. COACH JOHN WOODEN

Outrunning the opposition.

fense. His clubs dote on harassing the man with the ball." Gail Goodrich, for one, well remembers the dread imposed by "Mr. Run." "There were nights when I'd come home from practice so tired I'd be lucky to get my clothes off. Exhausted. Totally exhausted. But that tremendous practice tempo would prevail in the games. Coach Wooden's words were always the same: 'Don't panic, keep your poise, they'll break.' They did, too. And, heck, how many games did we win on pure condition? No one was in better shape."

And no one is more appreciative on the court than the glad-handing U.C.L.A. players. "I never permit a player to criticize a teammate," explains Wooden. "In fact, when a man makes a basket, I make him compliment the one who passed the ball or started the play. That



BILL WALTON BLOCKING SHOT

way, I tell them, you'll get a pass again." Unlike most coaches, Wooden rarely scolds a rival team. "If we play our game as well as we can," he says, "we can beat an opponent no matter what he does. We let them adjust to us, rather than we to them."

At 62, Wooden is a graying, sober-sided eminence who imparts what one player calls the "respect factor." Who, after all, could doubt a man who is a friend of Lawrence Welk, who admires the writings of Zane Grey and St. Francis of Assisi? Wooden is also a deacon in the First Christian Church of Santa Monica. He reads the Bible daily. He neither smokes nor drinks and will not tolerate profanity. On occasion, he will partake of a "Pat Boone Special" (ginger ale with a dash of grape juice). His strongest expletive is "Goodness gracious sakes alive!" And after a tough day on the court, he unwinds by reading poetry (Shakespeare, Shelley, Whitman). Or, if he needs a special uplift, he will dash off a few lines of his own. Sample:

*Remember this your lifetime
through—
Tomorrow, there will be more to
do—
And failure waits for all who stay
With some success made
yesterday...*

Wooden preaches the power of positive thinking as avidly in the locker room as he does at meetings of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. Each season, his players are provided with a copy of his *Pyramid of Success*, a personal credo that builds on such virtues as sincerity, integrity, resourcefulness and fight. Wooden has been known to begin a halftime pep talk with a discourse on the decline of the Roman Empire.



WOODEN AT PURDUE (1931)

Once, when UCLA fell behind in a critical game, he called a time out and told his players that "it's not your fault, but you've given in to a permissive society." Explains Wooden: "In basketball we meet adversity head on. It's so much like life itself: the ups and downs, the obstacles—they make you strong. A coach is a teacher, and like any good teacher, I'm trying to build men."

Wooden's own pyramid of success is rooted back home in Indiana. Son of a Dutch-Irish tenant farmer, he was raised in Martinsville, a town whose chief distinction, as noted in Ripley's *Believe It or Not*, was that its 5,200 inhabitants built a basketball fieldhouse that seated 5,520. He began with a rag ball and the proverbial peach basket nailed to the hayloft. He was an honor student and a three-time All-America at Purdue, where he financed his way by waiting on tables and taping the ankles of football players for 35¢ an hour. He is remembered as the "India Rubber Man," a 5-ft. 10-in., razzle-dazzle guard whose suicidal drives to the basket often sent him bouncing off the fieldhouse floor or flying into the seventh

row of the Purdue band. Local legend has it that after one memorable spill, he popped in the winning basket while sitting down.

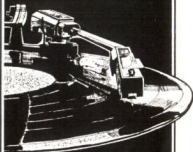
After graduation, Wooden married his home-town sweetheart Nell Riley and took a job as a high school coach in Dayton, Ky., where he introduced his breakneck style by whacking the players with a paddle as they ran down the court. In his first season, his team compiled a 6-11 record—his first and only losing season in nearly 40 years of coaching. After moving back to Indiana in 1934, he coached and taught English at South Bend Central High School during the week and played semi-pro basketball with the Kautsky Grocers of Indianapolis for \$50 a game on weekends. After a three-year hitch in the Navy, he took a coaching job at Indiana State Teachers' College. His team qualified for a tournament in Kansas City in his first season, but he refused to go when officials barred a black player from participating.

In 1948 Wooden's success at Indiana State brought him an offer from UCLA. When he first arrived in Los Angeles, he was shocked to find local youths lounging on the beach and playing tennis instead of shooting at the old peach basket. UCLA boosters were equally bemused to discover that their Hoosier hotshot did not take to the cocktails-and-canapés circuit. His speed was a deviled-egg sandwich and a dish of custard at Hollis Johnson's Fountain and Grill, an eatery that he still frequently attends. Put off at first, the India Rubber Man bounced back by setting everyone straight on what to expect. "The fast break is my system," he declared at a UCLA banquet, "and we'll win 50% of our games by outrunning the other team in the last five minutes."

Minister. That he did, compiling a record of 552 wins and only 140 losses in a quarter-century of coaching at UCLA. Over the years "Saint John," as some rival coaches refer to him, has mellowed a bit. He has done away with the mandatory coat-and-tie rule on road trips. Curfews are still enforced, but he does not sit in the hotel lobby as of old to check on stragglers. And he no longer insists on crew cuts. Even so, at the first signs of the shaggy look he will pointedly ask: "Isn't that barbers' strike over with yet?" If that does not work, he reminds the players: "I can't tell you how to cut your hair, but I decide who plays." Neat hair, Wooden explains, builds a "sense of discipline."

Though he has his assistants do most of the talent hunting, Wooden lends his considerable presence in personal meetings with prospective players, especially when the stakes are high. As Jabbar's mother said after meeting Wooden: "He's more like a minister than a coach." Adds one rival coach: "We thought we had one kid sewed up, but then Jesus Christ walked in. The kid's parents about fell over. How can you recruit against Jesus Christ?"

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PREDICTIONS

"A Great Year"—If

Like a high-pressure salesman who has his prospect on the defensive, President Nixon last week kept up the pitch for Government frugality that he sounded so strongly in his budget message. In his annual economic report to Congress, Nixon italicized one sentence: *Only by holding the line on federal spending will we be able to reduce the inflation rate further in 1973.* If that can be achieved, he said, 1973 can be, not just "a very good year" like 1972, but "a great year" in which the U.S. will "enter into a sustained period of strong growth, full employment and price stability." His three-member Council of Economic Advisers—Herbert Stein, Marina von Neumann Whitman and Ezra Solomon—went on to describe the prospects in a 301-page report that could best be characterized as soberly glowing.

The CEA confessed to a nagging worry about food prices—and with good reason. The Agriculture Department last week reported that farm prices jumped 5% in January, the second straight monthly rise of 5%. The Administration has responded by taking steps to raise meat output; it ordered another 9,000,000 acres of land restored to production of feed grains. The move will not affect prices until late summer or fall.

Panic. Like the President, the CEA stressed the need for economic restraint in order to prevent greater inflation. It said that the pace of the nation's boom should be slowed in the second half of the year by a combination of budget hold-downs and a less rapid expansion of money supply. Still, its projections for the full year add up to a powerful advance in every sector: gross national product should rise about \$115 billion, to \$1,267 billion; real growth of 6½% to 11.2% over the 6½% of 1972; inflation will be no higher than 3% or so; the jobless rate will fall from its present 5% to 4.5% by year's end. Wall Street does not seem to believe these predictions. Investors fear an upsurge of inflation, or a sharp tightening of money accompanied by rising interest rates, or both. Indeed, late last week four large Eastern banks raised their prime lending rates from 6% to 6½%. Stock traders also have been depressed by renewed weakness of the dollar overseas; within 36 hours last Thursday and Friday the West German Bundesbank had to buy \$1 billion worth of greenbacks unloaded by panicky speculators. The Dow Jones industrial average dropped another 23 points during the week, to 980, down 70 points from its Jan. 11 high.

One less-than-optimistic note in the

council report: the CEA rejected the idea that the Government should set a target of driving the jobless rate down to 4%, which has long been accepted as "full employment." The CEA indicated that the Administration expects to push the rate next year below 4.5%, but refused to say how low it might go, and argued against setting any target at all. "Full employment," it said, should be defined as "a condition in which persons who want work and seek it realistically on reasonable terms can find employment"—and the Government simply does not know what the jobless rate would be in those circumstances.



MARINA VON NEUMANN WHITMAN

JOBS

A Long Road for Women

Fittingly enough, the first CEA report to be prepared partly by a woman—Marina von Neumann Whitman, the council's only female member—is also the first to contain a chapter on the role of women in the economy. The chapter was included because CEA Chairman Herbert Stein was asked to write an article for the *Ladies' Home Journal* on the subject; looking into the matter, he discovered what Mrs. Whitman calls "a mass of ignorance." The CEA report cuts through that ignorance in rather gloomy fashion and indicates that women have made startlingly little progress toward job equality with men.

Many more women nowadays are finding jobs, and thus adding to the increase in national output; 43.8% of all working-age women now are employed. But their unemployment rate has been persistently much higher than that for men; last year it was 6.6% v. 4.9%. Surprisingly, women's earnings have actu-

ally fallen farther behind the incomes of their husbands, brothers and male colleagues in the past 15 years or so. In 1956 the average full-time female employee earned 63.3% as much as the average male worker; in 1971 she grossed only 59.5% as much, or \$5,593 a year.* The CEA suspects that this comparison is distorted by the fact that the normal work week is about 10% longer for men. Even adjusting for that difference, a woman's pay averages only 66.1% of a man's wages.

Women are still clustered in relatively low-pay, low-status jobs. In 1970, of all working women, 32% were classified as clerical employees and 14% as blue-collar operatives (semiskilled workers like packers, wrappers and sewing-machine operators). Women have had next to no success cracking some of the high-status professions. In 1970 they made up 28% of college faculties, about the same proportion as 40 years earlier. Some 6.3% of managers of manufacturing firms were women, slightly fewer than 20 years ago, and the percentage of women dentists, 3.5%, is little higher now than in 1910. The only professional category in which the CEA found a steady and large increase is editors and reporters. In 1970 women made up 41% of that category, v. 25% in 1940. With much reason, even this figure is questioned by newswomen, and the CEA has no separate breakdown of the number of editors.

The CEA was also unable to say how much of the inequality is caused by discrimination and how much is due to the cultural role traditionally assigned to women. It leans toward the latter reason by stressing that few women can match the intense, continuous and lifelong dedication to a career typical of men. Many women temporarily drop out of the labor force because of pregnancy, child rearing and other home responsibilities. Even a woman who devotes herself continuously to a job faces drawbacks. "A wife seldom is free to migrate to wherever her own prospects are best," says the report. It recognizes, however, that "some may label [the social-cultural role of women] as a pervasive societal discrimination which starts in the cradle." In any case, the CEA usefully points out that in seeking job equality with men, the nation's women still have a long road to travel.

*Mrs. Whitman, one of the highest-ranking women in Government, earns \$38,000.

AEROSPACE

Pan Am's Concorde Retreat

SINCE the cloth-and-piano-wire beginnings of commercial air travel, the men who run the industry have put their faith—and their money—into the forward advances of technology. Nowhere has that faith been stronger than at Pan American World Airways, which was first in the air with multi-engine planes in 1927, four-engine flying boats in 1931, Boeing 707 jets in 1958 and jumbo jets in 1970. For years, British and French aircraft builders have been counting on Pan Am to lead other airlines in a competitive scramble for the newest advance, the supersonic Concorde, which cruises at 1,350 m.p.h. But like many other people, some airline men have begun to wonder whether technology has advanced too fast, become too expensive and reached diminishing returns. So instead of leading other airlines to supersonic flight, Pan Am last week inspired a retreat.

Nearly a decade after Founder Juan Trippe took options on seven of the stiletto-nosed Concorde, Pan Am gave word that it was canceling out. Minutes later, Trans World Airlines released a statement that management would recommend that the directors let TWA's six options expire. Next day in West Germany, a spokesman said that Lufthansa has no intention of picking up its three Concorde options unless the plane is drastically redesigned. It is likely that Continental Airlines will also let its three places in the Concorde production line lapse next month, as will American with its six reservations, leaving Eastern and Braniff as the only po-

tential takers in the U.S. Said Sir George Edwards, chairman of British Aircraft Corp., which along with France's Aerospatiale is building the Concorde: "We should not describe this as a fatal blow, but it's a hell of a setback."

Together, the British and the French have spent some \$1.8 billion developing the Concorde, all of it in public funds. While environmental groups were helping defeat the U.S. supersonic transport in 1971, the Concorde was thoroughly redesigned to minimize noise and air pollution. Still, last week's rejection was not a surprise. Since mid-January, British and French technicians led by Sir George had been lobbying mightily with Pan Am executives in New York. Pan Am has lost \$150 million since 1968, but last year, in William Seawell's first full year as president, losses were cut from \$46 million to \$29 million. Pan Am executives, understandably money-conscious, have serious doubts about the Concorde's profitability. They calculated that the plane gulps two to three times as much fuel per passenger as the 747 jumbo, and that fuel prices would soar as world energy supplies dwindled. Concorde operating costs would be so exorbitant that Pan Am might have to charge a premium of as much as 20% over first-class fares, which are now \$888 for a round trip between New York and Paris in the high season. The trip would take four hours, v. seven in a Boeing 747, but Pan Am planners feared that the time savings might not be worth the extra money to anyone but a few flush play-

boys and expense-account executives.

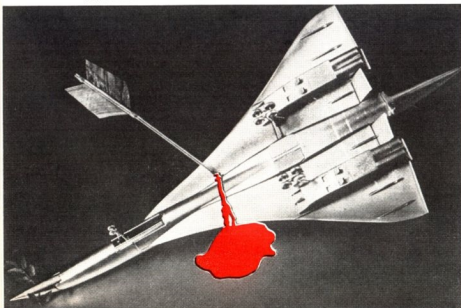
Further, Seawell only last month renegotiated a \$270 million credit arrangement with Pan Am's finicky bankers and did not want to ask for fresh financing to buy the Concorde. For each 108- to 128-passenger plane with spares, Sir George's negotiators have been quoting a price of \$46 million, as opposed to \$25 million for a 747, which carries 375 passengers. Pan Am executives believe that by 1975, when they would have taken delivery, Concorde's price will rise to as much as \$60 million. The original target in 1963 was about \$20 million, which climbed beyond the builders' wildest nightmares because of inflation and man's unailing ability to underestimate the costs of advanced technology.

British Aircraft and Aerospatiale need at least 150 sales to break even. Last week's dropouts leave them with options of various degrees of firmness from twelve airlines for 38 Concorde. In addition, China and Iran have commitments—more definite than options, but not quite firm orders—to buy three and two planes respectively. Japan Air Lines, which has three options, will not need them now to compete supersonically against Pan Am and TWA across the Pacific; if no other airline introduces the plane on the polar route between Europe and Asia, JAL may cancel. Australia's Qantas has a long Sydney-Singapore-London route that is well-suited to supersonic flight; it has options for four Concorde, but Qantas executives are worried that the plane could not make the 3,939-mile first leg to Singapore fully loaded. Sir George's engineers insist that the plane has a range of 4,000 miles.

Pressure. Even if other lines cancel their options, Britain and France have so much pride and anguish tied up in the Concorde that production is expected to be continued, most likely at a slower rate and perhaps with fewer than the present 45,000 workers. Work may be consolidated at one location; now engines and airframes are made at both Bristol and Toulouse. The only firm orders for the Concorde are from Britain's BOAC, which has five, and Air France, which has four. Both are owned by their governments, which may well pressure them to take more planes. British and French government officials may even be angry enough to push a harder line against the U.S. at trade and tariff negotiations between American and European representatives, scheduled to begin this fall. To the Europeans, U.S. refusal to buy the Concorde will mean the loss of hundreds of millions of dollars in export trade.

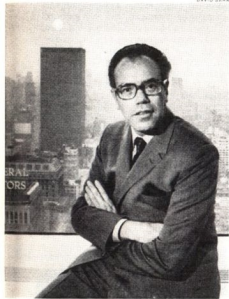
If BOAC and Air France prove that the Concorde can be profitable, airlines that drop their options can always take later places in the production line. An-

"PARIS MATCH" DEPICTION OF EUROPEAN SST "ASSASSINATED" BY U.S.



other possibility is that lines can buy the Soviet TU-144, which closely resembles the Concorde and is scheduled to enter service between Moscow and Tokyo by 1975. The Soviets, eager for hard Western currency, have been offering astonishingly low prices and generous credit terms to potential buyers of their other planes like the YAK-40 tri-jet. Money that might have gone for Concorde may well go for more subsonic jumbo jets, including the McDonnell Douglas DC-10 and the Lockheed L-1011, as well as the Boeing 747. There is always the prospect of another SST, the Nixon Administration's new budget includes a total of \$38 million for supersonic-flight research. Government space officials are already talking about building "the second generation" of supersonic transports, which would be designed to be cheaper, environmentally cleaner and more profitable than the present beleaguered breed.

DAVID CLAW



G. & W.'S CHARLES G. BLUHDORN

DEALS

Whoopie with WEO

Charles G. Bluhdorn, the volatile financial wizard who put together the \$1.67 billion-a-year Gulf & Western conglomerate, has a way of buying into companies that later turn out to be holding hidden assets. Evidently, Chairman Bluhdorn thinks that the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., the money-losing supermarket chain, has a few cookies on its shelves that no one else knows about. Last week G. & W. offered a minimum price to buy 3,750,000 shares of A. & P. stock—enough, when combined with the 1,046,000 that G. & W. already owns, to give it 19% of the stock.

G. & W. officers described the deal as merely "an investment," presumably

meaning that they do not plan to try for full control of the \$5.5 billion-a-year food colossus. Having watched the price of A. & P. stock drop from 30 to 16% over the past two years, Bluhdorn might be counting on the company's highly touted WEO (Where Economy Originates) discounting campaign to turn earnings around, after which he could sell off at a profit. Trouble is, while WEO has boosted A. & P.'s sales, it has so far savaged A. & P. earnings. The company lost more than \$50 million in the first three quarters of fiscal '72 (compared with a \$16 million profit in the equivalent period of '71) and skipped a quarterly dividend last month for the first time since 1925.

Still, A. & P. just might be an attractive merger target for a man of Bluhdorn's acquisitive instincts. A. & P. has lush cash assets (\$78 million at last count), a credit line of \$100 million and a huge real estate inventory—all of which the supremely confident Bluhdorn may think he can put to better use than the supermarket chain's stodgy management. A. & P.'s bosses were aghast, and Chairman William Kane promised to oppose vigorously Bluhdorn's tender offer.

Small investors, who own about one-third of A. & P.'s shares, could well decide to take Bluhdorn's offer of \$20 per share, which was \$3 more than the price that the stock was bringing at the time. The other major holders of A. & P. are the John A. Hartford Foundation and various members of the founding Hartford family. Trustees of the foundation will meet this week to decide their position. A. & P. Heir Huntington Hartford, who has sold most of his stock, did not think much of the Bluhdorn offer, saying that selling to G. & W. would be "like jumping from the frying pan into the fire." Meanwhile Wall Streeters reckoned that Bluhdorn had acted unwisely. Just after the offer was made, G. & W. stock fell from 30% to 28%, and Merrill Lynch downgraded its recommendation on Gulf & Western from "buy" to "hold."

MUTUAL FUNDS

Tsai Steps Down

The alchemists of the mid-1960s were the managers of the highly speculative go-go mutual funds, which leaped in value during those racy days. There was no more celebrated stock picker than Shanghai-born, Boston-educated Gerald Tsai Jr., who pondered the charts, played his hunches and took long shots—many of which paid off. Time and the market have not been kind to Tsai. Last week, after several losing years, he quit as president of Tsai Management & Research Corp., which he founded in 1965.

Tsai began generating attention in the early '60s by his success as a quick in-and-out stock trader and portfolio



MANHATTAN FUND'S DEPARTING CHIEF
Older and wiser.

manager with Boston's Fidelity group of funds. He went to New York City to start Tsai Management and the Manhattan Fund. The fund was virtually an overnight success. The initial offering was planned for \$25 million, but was so greatly oversubscribed that \$247 million in shares were sold. Two years later, the CNA Financial Corp. (formerly Continental National American Corp.), a financial-insurance-housing conglomerate, agreed to buy out Tsai Management—88% owned by Tsai and his family—for some \$20 million in stock, keeping the founder on as president.

Almost immediately, the market began to plunge, and Tsai's portfolios did worse than more conservative funds. He took a drubbing on such unfortunate investments as National Student Marketing, Parvin-Dohrmann and Four Seasons Nursing Centers of America, Inc. Anyone who bought 100 shares of Manhattan Fund for \$1,000 at its 1966 offering would have been left with about half that last week, not counting dividends. Tsai was to some extent merely unlucky, but he was also unwise to use his freewheeling investment strategies in the uncertain market of the past few years.

CNA directors were prepared to keep Tsai on almost indefinitely, but he left because he has been unable to capture the presidency of the \$1.6 billion conglomerate, a job he coveted. Now Tsai has bought control of Knight, Carry, Bliss & Co., Inc., a medium-sized brokerage firm that specializes in institutional business. "The brokerage business has gone through an unsettling period," Tsai says, "but my impression is that the clouds seem to have lifted. I am interested in concentrating on a limited number of high-quality growth stocks, and I feel very excited about the whole thing." That sounds like an older and wiser Gerry Tsai.

INVESTMENT

The Big Stock Winners of 1972

IN financial myth, the stock market millionaire builds his fortune by a dizzying series of complicated speculations. In reality, the market often reserves its greatest gains for a tiny circle of people who do little if any discernible trading.

During 1972, at least four individuals and three families in the U.S. are known to have made on paper not just millions but tens or hundreds of millions of dollars in stock profits. Alas for the dreams of the average investor, all were rich to begin with, and their formula for multiplying wealth is, to say the least, difficult to follow. It consists of owning, and sitting on, a large block of stock in a major company that the investor or his family founded, and managing that company to eye-popping sales and profit growth. A rundown on the known big winners of 1972:

► David Packard picked exactly the right time financially to resign as Deputy Secretary of Defense in December 1971 and resume the chairmanship of Hewlett-Packard, the California electronics company that he and his Stanford classmate William Hewlett founded in a garage in 1939. During his three years in Washington, Packard had put his H-P stock in a trust, which gave to charity \$23 million in dividends and capital appreciation. Last year the 60-year-old Packard got the full benefit of a rise in H-P stock from 48 to 87; the value of his holdings zoomed no less than \$260 million, to a total of \$581 million. President Hewlett, 59, did even better; his H-P stock rose \$271 million, to \$604 million. Packard, a highly able administrator, and Hewlett, a shirt-sleeved engineer, managed the company to a 61% profit gain in the last fiscal year; successful introduction of two advanced pocket calculators accounted for much of the increase.

► Anthony Rossi, 72, does not like to talk about his wealth because "you get all kinds of letters from people wanting money." His stock in Tropicana Products, Inc. of Bradenton, Fla., rose \$59 million, to \$128 million. Rossi, who still speaks in the accents of the Sicily that he left 51 years ago, founded the company in 1946 after a varied career as cab driver, bricklayer, tomato farmer and restaurateur, and he owns 24% of Tropicana's shares. He was one of the first to discover the North's thirst for chilled orange juice shipped from Florida, and has kept the company growing by innovations that have cut the cost of packaging and shipping the juice. In its most recent fiscal year it raised sales 22%, to \$105 million, and increased profits by 29%, to \$8.8 million.

► Abe Plough, 81, made \$39 million on paper last year; his 3% stock ownership in the drug-making Scher-

ing-Plough Corp. rose to a year-end total of \$105 million. Plough started in business at the age of 16 by borrowing \$125 from his father in order to sell "Plough Antiseptic Healing Oil" door-to-door from a wagon in Memphis; 65 years and 29 acquisitions later, he has built a worldwide company that he still actively manages as chairman. Plough's record of fast earnings growth—from \$1.43 a share in 1968 to an estimated \$2.90 last year—has caught the eye of investment analysts, who are recommending the stock to mutual funds. Last year buying by these institutions helped push the price from 86 to 137.

► The Uihlein family of Milwaukee saw the value of its 80% holding in Jos-



SCHLITZ'S ROBERT A. UIHLEIN JR.
Brewing millions.

Schlitz Brewing Co. rise about \$500 million during 1972, to a year-end total of roughly \$1.3 billion. The fortune is divided among some 420 holdings by Uihleins, spouses, children and family trusts, but the biggest block—a bit more than 20% of the company, worth roughly \$346 million—is under the control of Chairman and President Robert A. Uihlein Jr., 56, grandson of the nephew of Founder August Krug. Uihlein took over the company in 1961, when its rank in the beer business was slipping. He has revived it by bringing out new brands, building giant, highly efficient breweries that may cut production costs by 45%, and introducing a new fermentation process that speeds up the brewing cycle. Profits rose 31% in the first nine months last year, on an 18% gain in sales.

► The Upjohn family of Kalamazoo, Mich., a close-knit and close-

mouthed clan, made an estimated \$283 million last year, from a rise in its holdings in drug-producing Upjohn Co. to \$659 million. Company officials will not confirm these figures; they say only that five family members—who do not constitute the entire family—control about 1.5 million shares. The price of these shares alone increased by \$83 million in 1972, to \$192 million. The company is headed by three husbands of granddaughters of Founder W.E. Upjohn. They are Chairman Ray T. Parfet Jr., 50; President Robert M. Boudeeman, 55; and Executive Committee Chairman Preston S. Parish, 53. Under them the company last year achieved research breakthroughs on prostaglandins, which are hormone-like substances that may be used to terminate pregnancies. That news prompted excited investors to bid up the stock from 73 to 128.

► The Levy family of Dallas last year saw the paper value of its stock in National Chemsearch Corp., a maker of cleaning chemicals, rise \$97 million, to a year-end total of \$263 million. The family stock is controlled by three sons of the founder: Chairman Lester Levy, 48; President Irvin Levy, 42; and Executive Committee Chairman Milton P. Levy Jr., 45. The Levys make the Upjohns look like chatterboxes. They will not grant interviews, are little known in Dallas society and rarely mentioned in area newspapers. They are also said to reserve all Chemsearch management decisions for themselves. They have concentrated on producing and marketing a line of specialty chemicals much in demand in industry, and the strategy has worked. In the fiscal year ended last April 30, Chemsearch sales rose 18%, to \$82 million, and profits climbed 21%, to \$7.9 million.



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A garage that grew.

PRODUCTIVITY

The New Stakhanovites

Nearly everyone in business talks about improving productivity, but notable breakthroughs are rare. Last year productivity in U.S. manufacturing rose 4% v. 5.8% in 1971. Lately the workers at Kaiser Steel Corp.'s continuous-weld pipe mill at Fontana, Calif., have shown that dramatic gains can be made with only minor changes in methods and machines. In the last three months of 1972 they raised their productivity by a herculean 32%.

The new Stakhanovites* had a powerful incentive. Last October Kaiser officials announced that the 4,000-ton-a-month plant was being shut down, a victim of rising costs and stiffening foreign competition: a ton of two-inch Fontana pipe that sold for \$300 was being offered by Japanese mills for \$240. Recalls Dino Papavero, president of Kaiser Steelworkers Local 2869: "We asked management to give us a chance to make the mill pay."

Kaiser executives agreed to postpone the closing and adopt a few worker suggestions. A traveling saw that cut pipe into sections after it left the furnace was repaired and overhauled at a cost of only \$3,000. Workers had been asking for the adjustments for years; once they were made, spoilage dropped from 29% of output to 9%. In addition, a few storage racks and inspection tables were rearranged to permit a smoother flow of work. Two crucial but low-paid employees who operated a pipe straightening machine were given raises from \$3.70 to \$4.07 an hour. And the workers made a relatively minor change in their production schedule to prevent some machines lying idle while different sizes of pipe were being processed on others.

New Spirit. The plant's maintenance staff began repairing in a day breakdowns that formerly took a week to fix. Operators of straightening and threading machines began catching mistakes that they had previously let pass. "There is a new spirit in the mill," says Assistant Works Manager Ray Robinson. Observes the union's Papavero: "Being recognized as people who can make creative suggestions has given the men a certain dignity."

Still, the successful experiment may fail to keep the plant open. Because labor accounts for only one-ninth of the cost of making Fontana pipe, increased productivity has trimmed the price of the finished product by only some \$11 a ton. "That isn't the \$60 it would take to match Japan's price," says Robinson. Kaiser executives refuse to disclose when a final decision will be made on the mill's fate. For the moment, Fontana workers are hustling and hoping on a day-to-day basis.

*After Aleksei Stakhanov, a coal miner who became an early hero of Soviet labor by greatly overfulfilling his production quota.



WAITING TO BUY MEAT IN SANTIAGO

CHILE

An Economy Besieged

Just after midnight, a small gray van pulled up at a downtown Santiago bar. Within moments, anxious Chileans were swarming around it and buying low-grade black market beer at twice the officially pegged price—despite the fact that national police headquarters was just 2½ blocks away. Day and night, long lines stretch in front of shops as people wait and hope for the chance to buy a pack of cigarettes, a bag of sugar, some powdered milk or cooking oil.

Troubled Chile is now worse off than ever, and officials of President Salvador Allende's far-leftist government have been rolling out harsh measures that are aimed at creating what they call a "war economy." Two weeks ago Allende publicly conceded that his management of the country's economy has been ill-planned. He also castigated his biggest constituency, Chile's workers, chiding the miners for "acting like a bunch of monopolistic bankers" in their wage demands, and criticized bureaucrats for failing to improve government efficiency. To curb the groggy effects of alcohol on the workers, Allende last week threatened to ration beer. No teetotaler himself, Allende said: "The housewives of Chile will erect a monument in my honor."

Earlier, the government decreed that distribution of food, clothes and other consumer goods was to be put almost completely under its control. A new distribution and marketing agency, headed by an air force general and manned by the military, will eliminate private business between wholesalers and retailers. Instead, neighborhood committees will assign minimum needs of local families and order accordingly. To prevent hoarding, shop clerks must restrict sales to regular customers.

Hoping to brighten the dour national mood, government leaders declared a nationwide system of wage increases and lump-sum bonuses, which is likely to take effect sometime after the parliamentary elections in March. The plan applies to those making less than \$434 a month in greatly inflated escudos, and will be formulated on a sliding scale favoring the lowest-paid workers. Chileans, however, have learned to be wary of the consequences of such enforced increases. In October 1971, after a 100% wage jump was ordered to give the lower classes more buying power, shoppers emptied shelves of already scarce consumer goods. In order to pay for the wage advance, the money supply was raised by 160%. The result was that inflation roared ahead, climbing to 163% during

1972, the highest rate by far in the world. The escudo, twelve to the dollar when Allende took over late in 1970, is now officially pegged at 46, and on the black market is nearly 320.

Meanwhile, productivity has declined following expropriations that have led workers to feel there is little need to show sweat now that foreign boxes are out. Industrial production in October, the most recently recorded month, fell 7% from the same period a year earlier, and farm output in 1972 was down roughly 10% from 1971. The quality of production has slumped in nearly every category: most Chilean bread, for instance, is now a coarse, sour, brown sludge that produces more gas than nourishment. Allende is talking about handing back to Chilean businessmen some of the companies that his government earlier expropriated but now cannot manage.

Red Ink. Allende's sole bright spot is his success in cutting unemployment through a public works program; in greater Santiago, the figure declined from 8.3% at the end of 1971 to 3% last year. But the cost of the effort is recorded in red ink. The domestic budget ran a deficit of some \$600 million last year on total spending of \$1.4 billion.

Behind Chile's woes is Allende's longtime effort to consolidate his political base, and perhaps draw new support, with a program that stresses consumer spending at the expense of savings—a strategy that dries up capital needed for new investment. With parliamentary elections scheduled for March, Allende needs all the voter support he can get. Even the Soviet Union, which extended an estimated \$500 million in foreign credit to Chile last year, has grown impatient with Allende. The Soviet weekly *New Times* recently called the general line of Allende's policy "a bad calculation of the nation's leftist economists."

After the Battle

SOLDIER

by LIEUT. COLONEL ANTHONY B. HERBERT, U.S.A. (ret.) with JAMES T. WOOTEN
498 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.
\$10.95.

The Viet Nam War may be over for the U.S., but its errors and tragedies linger on. So do potential controversies, investigations, recriminations. They lie about like unexploded shells after a battle, to be detonated or defused according to public inclination.

Take the case of Lieut. Colonel Anthony B. Herbert, 42. Herbert, an altar



LIEUT. COLONEL HERBERT

boy carved out of Pennsylvania anthracite, went to Korea ("I wanted above all else to be a soldier") and emerged as that war's most highly decorated enlisted man—over 25 medals, including three Silver Stars, one Bronze Star and four Purple Hearts. At one of many ceremonies in his honor, a bayonet that had been run through his side was polished up and ritually presented to him by Jennifer Jones. Then Eleanor Roosevelt drew him aside, told him to leave the Army and go to college.

Obediently, Soldier Herbert did so, got a degree from the University of Pittsburgh in 1956, and then reenlisted. Twelve years of training camps, survival courses, cold war duty and spy work followed. When he was finally sent to Viet Nam for a regular tour in August 1968, he was a lieutenant colonel—one of the best-trained, most highly respected officers in the service, with a string of outstanding evaluation reports behind him and a promise of a slot at the Command and General Staff School before him—a necessary stop on the way to the top of the Army hierarchy.

Tiger. After chafing for four months at desk jobs, Herbert got what he had always longed for—the command of a battalion. He quickly turned it into a model for the entire brigade. Most commanders in Viet Nam watched the action from helicopters—a form of vertical absenteeism. Herbert led his men on the ground, right down into enemy bunkers. Fellow officers often relied upon artillery strikes to do the killing and the grunts to do the counting after death. Partly as a result, civilian dead were regularly recorded as killed Viet Cong and North Vietnamese soldiers. Herbert trained his men to "close and kill—just like it says in the manual." Over and over he told them: "I want results with enemy soldiers, not civilians, not women or old men and kids."

The results were spectacular. In the first month, his battalion killed more of the enemy than the other four battalions combined. It captured 90 P.O.W.s; the other four captured eleven. Such success seemed a mystery to other officers, but to Herbert it was as obvious as a pair of cross hairs. "Rabbits hide, tigers stalk," he writes. "If the infantry is to win, it must be a tiger." In 58 days of combat, Tiger Herbert won another Silver and three more Bronze Stars.

Then suddenly a terrible change set in. One minute Herbert was a hero about to be put up for a Distinguished Service Cross. The next, he was stripped of his field command, packed off to a Stateside desk job, and harassed and humiliated until he was forced to retire.

Exactly why is still open to legitimate debate, but Herbert convincingly argues that it was because he continually kept reporting war crimes and atrocities to his superiors. An unbend-

ing believer in the old codes, Herbert made a red flag of the Geneva Accords and waved it at the slightest provocation. Apparently, his finger pointing became more than his commanding officers could bear. At first they were incredulous; then they called him "soft"; finally they got rid of him.

Soldier is the fascinating tale of Herbert's fall from grace. In a larger sense, it is also a study of the Army in decline. At times, because it carries the entire weight of Herbert's obviously one-sided case against his superiors, the account seems self-righteous. Indeed, the Army has done its best to discredit Herbert, accusing him of creating "fiction," insubordination and poor leadership. But whatever weaknesses Herbert's case against his two immediate superior officers may contain, the evidence he presents against the Army's conduct as it is by all the press reports, the My Lai trials and the PX scandals that have come before.

By Herbert's math, the half million fighting men the U.S. had in South Viet Nam at the height of the war actually included less than 50,000 grunts. Nine out of ten soldiers were in the rear or in non-combat jobs at the front. This book offers the reader dreadful panoramas of the Hieronymus Bosch Viet Nam landscape as it can be seen only by the insider: American interrogation experts presiding over whippings and water torture and electric-shock "therapy" of V.C. suspects (including women), fire bases overrun by enemy sapper squads because the defenders were all stoned on grass, the frugging, the profiteering, the six-month ticket punchers, the "cover your ass" mentality.

Herbert may have retired from the Army, but not from battle. *Soldier* is simply a salvo in a continuing campaign to clear his own name and work revenge upon the Army. Like the Ancient Mariner, he drifts from lecture hall to talk show, telling his ghastly tale. In a recent appearance on the *Dick Cavett Show* with Senator Barry Goldwater, Herbert dropped yet another bomb. He declared he had in his possession a whole series of memos (some signed by Generals Westmoreland and Siddle and Army Secretary Froehke) that vowed to discredit and punish him. Goldwater, a member of the Armed Services Committee, promised to investigate. And so the war goes on. ■ Jon Larsen

Enemy of Pretension

THE VONNEGUT STATEMENT
Edited by JEROME KLINKOWITZ
and JOHN SOMER
286 pages. Delacorte, \$7.95.

Jeff Ritter, a mod-lit. man out at San Francisco State, is sitting down to a greasy cheeseburger when into his office walk two students, Space Daisy and Victor. "You see," says Space Daisy, offering Ritter a cream cheese and





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BOOKS

chopped nut on pumpkin bread. "Victor also makes puppets, and his friend Street Eddie shoots Super-8 movies. Now what we want to do is make a puppet movie about *Slaughterhouse-Five*, showing Billy Pilgrim and Montana Wildhack on Tralfamadore instead of my writing this term paper on Vonnegut."

Ritter's contribution is one of a very few lively and enlightening pieces in *The Vonnegut Statement*. But good grief! A term paper on Vonnegut? Kurt Vonnegut Jr., the author of *Player Piano*, *The Sirens of Titan*, *Mother Night*, *Cat's Cradle*, *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater* and *Slaughterhouse-Five*? Vonnegut, that enemy of pretension who writes about the cosmos and fate as if God were a tricky garage mechanic? Since the late '60s, following the republication of some of the early novels, students have indeed been assigned Vonnegut term papers.

If *The Vonnegut Statement* is any indication of the trend, the assistant professors who are making the assignments are busy petrifying the work of this folksy fatalist into critical stepping-stones to tenure. The book's lengthy bibliography—which should prove finally that Vonnegut is no longer a neglected writer—lists scores of articles, reviews and scholarly probings about him. There are even five doctoral dissertations, including something called "Quick-Stasis: The Rite of Initiation in the Novels of Kurt Vonnegut."

With few exceptions, the critical essays that make up most of *The Vonnegut Statement* are founded on the rustiest claptrap in literary exegesis. *Moby Dick* whale imagery, phrases like "an inversion of the objective correlative" and "eschatological imperatives" constantly threaten everyone with intellectual lockjaw. For one assistant professor, the idea of Dynamic Tension in *Cat's Cradle* evokes Buckminster Fuller's geodesic domes, although Charles Atlas' muscle-building method is more in keeping with Vonnegut's unpretentious style and sources.

It is precisely Vonnegut's back-of-the-comic-book approach to serious matters that led to his enormous popularity, especially with young readers. His novels are clear, simple, funny, humane and need hardly any explaining at all. His Dynamic Tension draws the beach bully and the runt who is getting sand kicked in his face toward the same bitter fate. Both will grow old, die and vanish in a universe that is 99.9% indifferent vacuum. There are no immortal souls in Vonnegut, only the soles of the feet which his Bokonomists in *Cat's Cradle* warm by ritually flattening against other friendly soles.

So enough of turning Vonnegut into literary scholarship. Space Daisy would do great service to a deserving writer if she filmed *The Vonnegut Statement*. She could borrow the *Slaughterhouse-Five* technique of running the film backward (the bombers suck up their bombs



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BOOKS

which regress to factory parts and finally harmless ones) and so rebury the "objective correlatives" and "eschatological imperatives" in the uncomplicated pleasures and meanings of the original novels. ■R.Z. Sheppard

Recapturing the Flag

RULE BRITANNIA

by DAPHNE DU MAURIER

335 pages. Doubleday. \$6.95.

She still writes with Victorian verve, and each of her chapters ends with an upbeat sentence that impels the reader on. But Miss du Maurier's latest novel lacks the suspense, pageantry and romantic insight of *Rebecca*. *Frenchman's Creek* or even the recent best-selling *House on the Strand*.

The scene is her beloved Cornwall again, but the matter, this time, is xenophobia—slick anti-Americanism to be precise. It is the near future. Britain's entry into the Common Market has proved an economic disaster. In order to save the nation from bankruptcy, Her Majesty's government joins the U.S. in a partnership called USUK. The Union Jack is blended with the Star-Spangled Banner to form one flag. With the Queen as co-ruler, the President of the U.S. will govern from the White House and Buckingham Palace. Minor injury follows major insult. When gum-chewing, libidinous Marines land to ensure "an orderly transition of power," they shoot a farm dog and rough up farm lads—unforgivable! But worse is yet to come. A toothy American matron outlines a "Cultural Get Together": good Cornish men will be decked out in folk costume, and the Cornish hills will be turned into a "miniature Switzerland"—all for the pleasure of culture-avid, free-spenders and tourists.

A situation to be borne with stiff upper lips and all that? Not at all. A Cornish counterattack is mounted by an aged but indomitable ex-actress who runs a sort of orphanage. Her rustic crew of local stalwarts prevails by deploying the hackneyed virtues of the English character: sly eccentricity, calculated insult, a modicum of violence. In the end, Prince Andrew lands in Scotland and Prince Charles in Wales to lead true Britons back to independence. The United Kingdom, one feels assured, will recapture its flag and muddle through the economic crisis. Pretty thin treacle, and, as another Victorian said, we are not amused. ■Philip Herrera

Up from Penury

SILAS SNOBLEN'S OFFICE BOY

by HORATIO ALGER JR.

240 pages. Doubleday. \$5.95.

Holy Horatio Alger! Of all the embarrassing national memories to bring up in 1973. This little prince of prissiness, this walking morality play on behalf of hanging tight and doing some-



HORATIO ALGER

Stupid, not wicked, scoundrels.

body else's thing. "Duty required me to do as I did." The cry, pure as the adolescent uttering it, sounds across the years—from 1889, to be exact—measuring by sheer alienation the distance of America present from America past.

Who is this young anachronism speaking for the Protestant ethic? Frank Mantion happens to be a lately discovered Alger hero, previously presented in an 1889 magazine serial but never collected in hard-cover among the more than 100 novels of Alger-style success that have sold from 100 million to 400 million copies, depending on which literary historian you believe.

So the Age of Aquarius gets an extraordinary first edition, all about the trials of this manly little chap, just 16 years old, who supports his careworn mother and stands up to a stepfather of "intemperate habits," not to mention an assortment of other bullies. Young Frank finally rescues a rich man's child from kidnappers, thus earning himself the gratitude of that good old *deus ex machina* known as the Benefactor, without whom no Alger novel is complete. But before everybody rolls over in another fit of giggles at the naive old 19th century, certain facts should be noted.

Alger was not all that bad a writer. He had a Harvard education behind him, including lots of Latin and Greek and a course or two under Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. A lifelong bachelor, Alger was rather disastrously prone to the unintentional double-entendre —e.g., "Imogene laid herself out to entertain him." But he was also capable of modestly cynical repartee: "When a man gets to be 51, marriage is very hazardous." "It always is."

Alger was no Charles Dickens, but he shared Dickens' social indignation, if not his gift for expressing it. "Fair"

and "just" are two of his favorite words, and genuine feeling enters his prose when he describes a skintight like Snobden or a hypocrite like Gideon Chapin, his chief clerk—Alger's American Murdstones and Uriah Heeps.

The son of a debt-ridden parson, Alger did not have to invent his scenes of poverty. His happy endings may smack blandly of fantasy, but his harsh beginnings have the bite of realism. Like all Alger heroes, Frank Mantion is first and last a survivor in a tough world—a world, Alger makes protestingly plain, of child labor, a world in which a woman working as a seamstress might earn as little as 25¢ a day.

Like Dickens, Alger loved this world despite all the cruelty and corruption. His Wall Street district scenes give off a certain jolly hum. He describes a midtown brownstone as if his nose were pressed against the window. Writing of nickel rides on the el or six-course meals (wine included) for 75¢, he excludes a kind of festivity.

Reading an Alger novel, Playwright S.N. Behrman once said, is like taking a shower in innocence. Alger could not hate even his villains. The kidnappers in *Silas Snobden's Office Boy* are half-hearted scoundrels, outstandingly stupid rather than wicked.

From the modern point of view, Alger's supreme folly was to believe that a smart 16-year-old could cope with America's heavies—to assume that virtue triumphs in the end. So we late 20th century sophisticates giggle, we connoisseurs of the anti-hero, knowing what we know. Which makes the joke on Horatio Alger, that ridiculous little five-foot fantasist of giant killers. Or does it? ■Melvin Maddocks


Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—*The Odessa File*, Forsyth (1 last week)
- 2—*Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, Bach (2)
- 3—*Semi-Tough*, Jenkins (3)
- 4—*August 1914*, Salzhentzsyn (4)
- 5—*The Persian Boy*, Renault (6)
- 6—*Elephants Can Remember*, Christie (7)
- 7—*Snow Fire*, Whitney
- 8—*The Sunlight Dialogues*, Gardner
- 9—*Green Darkness*, Seton (8)
- 10—*The Camerons*, Crichton

NONFICTION

- 1—*The Best and the Brightest*, Halberstam (2)
- 2—*Harry S. Truman*, Truman (1)
- 3—*Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution*, Atkins (3)
- 4—*I'm O.K., You're O.K.*, Harris (4)
- 5—*The Joy of Sex*, Comfort (6)
- 6—*Journey to Ixtlan*, Castaneda (9)
- 7—*Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye*, O'Donnell, Powers, McCortly (5)
- 8—*Supermoney*, Smith (8)
- 9—*All Creatures Great and Small*, Herriot (7)
- 10—*The Mountain People*, Turnbull



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MILESTONES

Died. Jack MacGowan, 54, Irish actor who, while moving from meager bit parts in Dublin's Abbey Theater to meaty roles in television, stage and film (as the fool in *King Lear*, the mad soldier in *How I Won the War*), earned his best notices interpreting the work of his playwright friends Sean O'Casey and Samuel Beckett; of heart disease; in Manhattan, where he was playing in O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars* (TIME, Jan. 29).

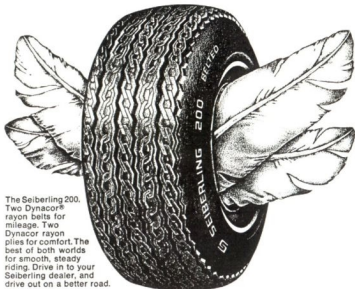
Died. Thomas P. Brady, 69, Mississippi Supreme Court justice and ideologue of Southern white supremacists during the '50s; after heart surgery; in Houston. Brady preached that slavery was "the greatest benefit one man ever conferred upon another," urged the abolition of public schools and called for a separate American state for blacks. He became the prophet, and his 1954 book, *Black Monday*, became the bible of the white Citizens Councils that waged bitter political warfare against the U.S. Supreme Court's 1954 school desegregation ruling.

Died. Yaakov Dori, 73, leader of the Israeli army that fought for independence in 1948; after a stroke; in Haifa. A refugee from the pogroms of Russia, Dori immigrated with his family to Palestine in 1905, later joined the Jewish Legion serving under British army command in World War I. Discharged in 1921 for fighting Arabs without British approval, he joined the Haganah, an underground Zionist force, and by 1939 had become its commanding officer. When independence was proclaimed in 1948, the Haganah became Israel's official defense force and Dori its first chief of staff.

Died. Ragnar Frisch, 77, Norwegian economist who, with Dr. Jan Tinbergen of The Netherlands, was awarded the first Nobel Prize in Economics, in 1969; in Oslo. Collaborators since the '30s, Frisch and Tinbergen were honored for developing econometrics, a branch of economics that employs complex mathematical formulas to predict how a change in one of a national economy's variables will affect the others. While Tinbergen applied econometrics to underdeveloped countries, Frisch worked closer to home and came to be regarded as the father of Scandinavia's modern planned economic systems.

Died. Ludwig Stossel, 89, Austrian actor who came to the U.S. as a middle-aged refugee, stayed to play kindly old Germans in more than 50 movies (Lou Gehrig's father in *Pride of the Yankees*, Albert Einstein in *The Beginning or the End*), but got his widest audience as the "little old winemaker" of 1960s TV commercials; in Hollywood.

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Deke's Comeback

It was a day that Donald K. ("Deke") Slayton would never forget. On March 15, 1962, only two months before the taciturn astronaut was scheduled to become the second American to orbit the earth, NASA doctors abruptly grounded him. Reason: they had discovered an occasional irregularity in the rhythm of his heartbeat. The bitterly disappointed Slayton subsequently became chief of flight-crew operations at the Manned Spacecraft Center and played a key role in picking all future space crews, including the first men to



SLAYTON IN FLYING GEAR
A rookie, not a has-been.

land on the moon. But even as he sent other astronauts to the launch pad, he never stopped dreaming of making the trip into space himself.

Last week, in a classic comeback story, Slayton got his wish. NASA named him to the crew of the Apollo spacecraft that will rendezvous and dock with a Russian Soyuz spaceship in 1975. His crewmates will be Air Force Brigadier General Thomas Stafford, a veteran of one Apollo and two Gemini flights, and Civilian Astronaut Vance Brand, another space rookie. Though obviously elated, the crew-cut, 48-year-old Slayton—who will be the oldest American to go into space by the time of the launch—greeted the news in his characteristic grumpy style: "I'd rather be a 50-year-old rookie than a 50-year-old has-been."

Just about everyone in Houston had doubted he would ever make it to the launch pad—everyone, that is, except Slayton. Determined to prove that he was physically fit, he continually worked out in the astronauts' gym, jogged across the sprawling space

center (inexplicably, the heart irregularity always vanished after a good run) and kept up his piloting skills by flying with other astronauts in dual-control jets. Over the years, he also consulted prominent cardiologists, including Paul Dudley White. All for naught; though the irregularity did not recur for months at a time, it inevitably came back. Then, in 1970, it again went away. In fact, a whole year passed without an episode. Finally, Slayton and Dr. Charles Berry, then the astronauts' chief physician, felt sufficiently encouraged to begin a series of complex cardiological tests, including the insertion of two tiny probes into Slayton's heart by specialists at the Mayo Clinic.

Slayton passed his examinations with flying colors, and last spring NASA again cleared him. Still, his chances of getting an assignment seemed as remote as the moon. All places on the remaining lunar expeditions were already filled; crews had also been picked for the three earth-orbiting Skylab missions. Only one faint chance remained, and Slayton was not about to miss it for lack of qualifications. Even before Washington and Moscow firmly agreed last month to undertake the historic joint mission, Deke began to study Russian.

The Telltale Waves

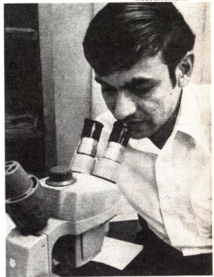
By detecting slight shifts in the tilt of the ground, or leakage of underground gases, or local changes in the natural magnetic field, scientists can determine that dangerous stresses and strains are building up in the earth. Yet they are still unable to predict reliably when or even where earthquakes will strike. Now, as a result of Russian findings in a remote region of Central Asia and a parallel discovery in New York State, seismologists may well have moved a little closer to a long-sought goal: developing an accurate early warning system for major upheavals of the earth.

That possibility is based upon studies of the two basic types of seismic waves that are given off by all earthquakes: 1) P (or pressure) waves, which alternately compress and expand the earth in the direction of their travel; and 2) S (or shear) waves, which cause motion of the earth in a direction perpendicular to their path. Because a quake's P waves travel through the earth slightly faster than its S waves, they arrive at seismic listening posts ahead of the S waves. While investigating the small tremors that often occur in the Garm region south of the Central Asian city of Tashkent, Russian seismologists were surprised to discover that in the days or weeks before a serious jolt, the relative velocities of the two types of waves changed. The interval between arrival times decreased significantly. Then, just before

a big quake, the velocity relationship reverted to normal.

At first, Western seismologists suspected that the change in velocity was peculiar to the geology of Central Asia; it seemed unlikely that the phenomenon could be used as a predicting tool in other quake-prone areas. Yash Aggarwal, a 30-year-old graduate student of Indian descent at Columbia University's Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory, did not share the skepticism. As part of his doctoral work, he decided to study the seismic records of the swarms of microquakes that had occurred during 1971 in the Blue Mountain lake region of New York's Adirondack Mountains. Aggarwal's hunch paid off. Writing in *Nature*, he and his associates report that they also found

RAOUL GATCHEL



AGGARWAL AT WORK
A change before the jolt.

large and significant changes in the relative velocity of P and S waves prior to more serious tremors. Furthermore, they note, the duration and intensity of the effect—which changes the relative velocity of the waves by as much as 13%—was directly proportional to the magnitude of the eventual jolt.

Aggarwal, as well as his mentor, Seismologist Lynn Sykes, thinks the change in wave velocity may be caused by the rapid opening of small cracks in water-saturated underground rock of the fault zone. Because P waves travel swiftly through water, they probably slow down when the voids appear. The S waves seem less affected by the fissuring. Then, as ground water seeps into the cracks, the P waves speed up again. Seismologists do not know how widespread the newly discovered phenomenon is, but if it is indeed common to all seismically active areas, it may eventually be used to predict the earth's upheavals—including such disasters as the quake last December that destroyed much of Managua, Nicaragua.

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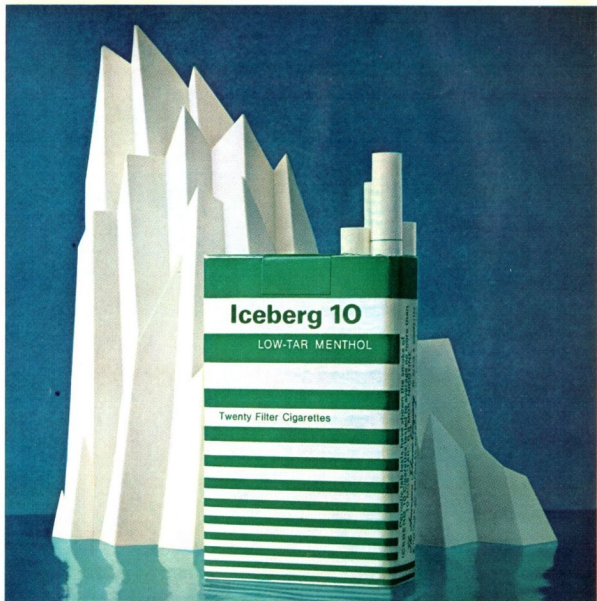
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